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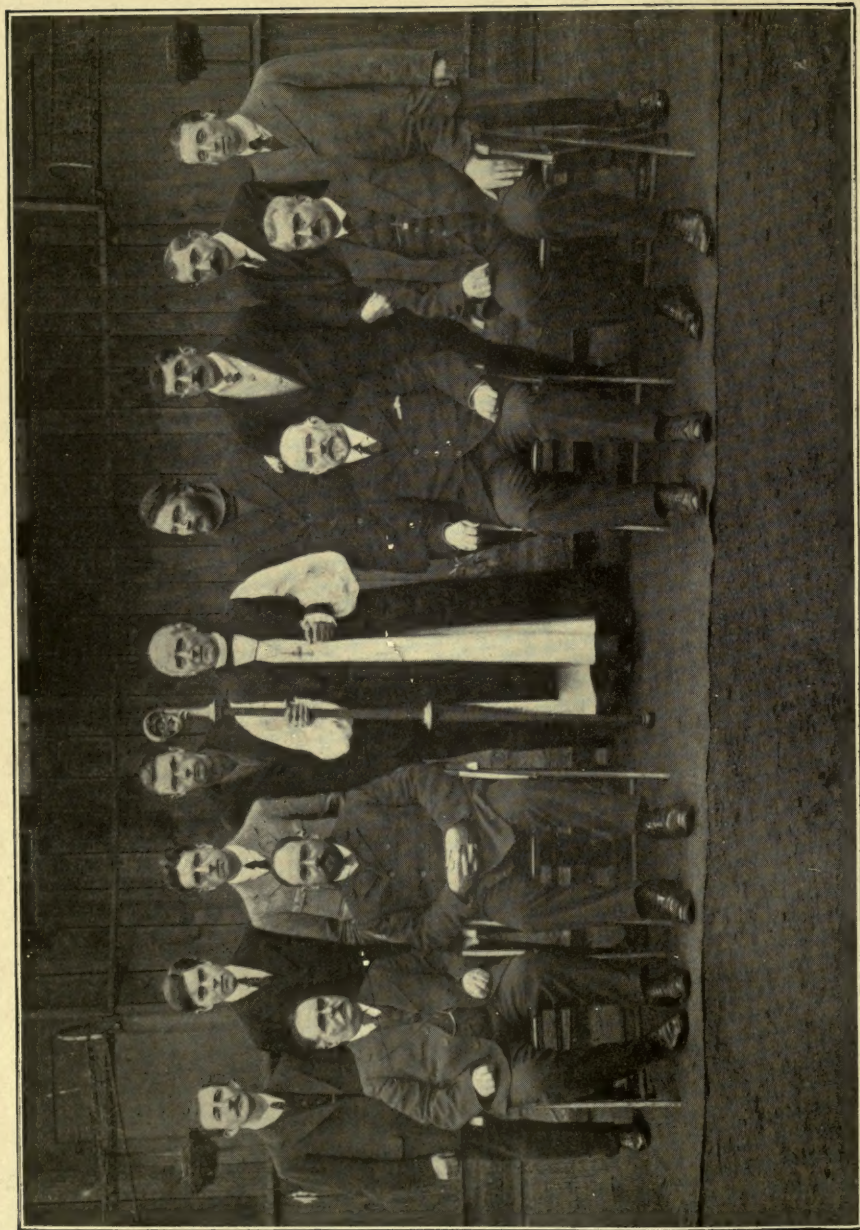


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MY VISIT TO RUHLEBEN



THE MEN PREPARED AND CONFIRMED BY THE BISHOP AT RUHLEBEN ON NOVEMBER 26, 1916.

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MY VISIT TO RUHLEBEN

BY THE

RIGHT REV. HERBERT BURY, D.D.

Bishop for North and Central Europe

Author of "Here and There in the War Area,"

"Russian Life To-day," etc.

WITH TWENTY-FIVE ILLUSTRATIONS
AND A PLAN OF THE CAMP

A. R. MOWBRAY & CO. LTD.

LONDON : 28 Margaret Street, Oxford Circus, W.

OXFORD : 9 High Street

MILWAUKEE, U.S.A. : The Young Churchman Co.

14899
1013

TO MY FELLOW COUNTRYMEN
AT RUHLEBEN
IN AFFECTIONATE RESPECT
FOR THEIR
TRUE BRITISH SPIRIT

First impression, 1917

FOREWORD



IT is with a very deep sense of responsibility that I venture to give the following pages to the public. I feel responsible to our own authorities, with whose full approval and good wishes I went to Germany; to the German authorities, who, unasked, gave me what I shall always consider a priceless opportunity of visiting my interned and imprisoned fellow countrymen; but, most of all, I feel responsible to the men themselves who gave me so fully their affectionate confidence, and are entirely trusting me, I know so well, to give a true description of the conditions under which they have been living so long and are to continue for an indefinite time. Hardly a day passes without a parent sending me a copy of some part of a letter which has been received from a son in which such words as the following occur: "I hope you will get to see the bishop soon after his return, for there is nobody I would trust more to give you a real and true account of our lives here"; or, as in the last received—"There is one thing I feel confident about, and that is that everything he says about us will be absolutely true; so, if you can get hold of any information from his hand, you may be perfectly certain it is the truth." My readers will understand, therefore, as I have said above, with what a sense of responsibility towards these men, whom I hope to see again and render an account of my

stewardship, so to speak, I am recording my experiences of the time I spent amongst them.

I must ask my readers further to remember that this is a description of the camp and its life and the men *as I saw them*, and it is this description alone that they wish me to give. Every one here knows, something at least, of what they had to endure in those early months of their internment at Ruhleben. The recollection of it can never pass away from the minds of either old or young, nor the effects of it either; but, with the magnanimity which distinguishes them, they do not wish to brood upon it, nor to cherish rancour or resentful feelings about it; and in obedience, therefore, to their express wishes I am confining myself to the description of things *as I actually saw them*.

In justice to the German authorities, I should like to make it also quite clear that it was their wish that I should see things just as they are. There was no preparation in the camp for my visit; the greater part of the staff, as I shall describe later, were absent when I arrived; no one knew that I was expected, and nothing whatever was done in preparation for me except the setting aside of a room for me to occupy, in case I should come.

My visit was not to Germany, of course, but to our men, and I never went anywhere but to Ruhleben and Blankenburg and to the War Office, where I was summoned for the official reception. Except at Ruhleben I was practically a prisoner from frontier to frontier, as I was never once unaccompanied by an officer, and in Ruhleben I was interned like the rest. From first to last no German asked me one single question or said one single word about

British affairs, military or otherwise, at home or at the front.

It has been suggested too that I must have seen things superficially—and this by one of the most competent men amongst those who have been interned there and returned ; but, so far from this being the case, I feel sure that in being brought into touch with every part of the life of the camp, and mixing freely amongst old and young and all sorts and conditions, I have seen far deeper below the surface than it would have been possible for almost any one else to do, as I cannot imagine any other person being allowed to visit the men under the same circumstances and conditions. So great was my sympathy, regard, affection, and *respect* for them that I grudged every minute of the time that I could not give to serving them, trying to enter into their point of view and seeking to be a real help and encouragement to them.

As Sir Timothy Eden has truly said, we were all “keyed up” after the first day to an unusual state of interest and excitement. All the men had been given something entirely new and inspiring to think of after they had received the message of the King and Queen, and my first evening’s description of the spirit of our men as I had seen it myself at different bases, at the Front and in the firing-line ; and from that moment until the men cheered me out of the camp, as I had never been cheered before, and probably never shall be again, the daily life was singularly far removed from the normal. But I shall have failed entirely in my most earnest purpose in writing these pages if I do not lead the ordinary reader not only to see things as I saw them, but to get down below the surface

also and see, in its pathos and deep appeal to our sympathies, what internment really means to those of whom it can be so truly said that they have done nothing whatever to deserve it. Every day, as it passes, increases my desire to see the whole of those men returned to their homes—and this can only be done by our repatriating our interned also; and, as there are many of the most influential of our countrymen who feel with me, I am not without hope that this may, in the providence of God, be accomplished in due time.

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NOTE.—The Author wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to the *Ruhleben Camp Magazine* for many of the illustrations.



LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH
AT MUNICH IN 1911.

MY VISIT TO RUHLEBEN



CHAPTER I

PREPARATIONS AND JOURNEY

TO explain my recent visit to Ruhleben I have to go back to days long before the war. In 1911 we had our annual Conference for the clergy and laity of Northern and Central Europe at Munich in the month of June. The city council, a short time before, had very generously given a site for a new church—I say “generously” because it was worth, at least, £3,000—and as the time for our conference drew near the Oberbürgermeister informed our Munich chaplain that he and his council would be present officially at the laying of the foundation-stone and take part in the proceedings. It was a day long to remember. We, fifty Anglican clergy, walked through the streets to the site amid a large population, with German soldiers keeping the road clear, singing “Onward, Christian Soldiers” as if we had been in our own country, the Oberbürgermeister, wearing his chain of office, and his councillors taking part in the procession. They were deeply interested in the little service, and in the evening entertained us at a banquet in the old Rathaus, having asked a distinguished company to meet us.

In May, 1914, we again had our annual Conference in

the Bavarian capital, and this time we had the consecration of our church. Again the Oberbürgermeister and his council attended the service. Once more also they entertained us in the old Rathaus, with a still more distinguished company to meet us, and amid surroundings such as none of us who were present will ever forget. I couldn't but say with very deep feeling, as I rose to express my thanks for the reception extended to us, that we had there a marvellous object-lesson in true Catholicity. "Where," I asked, "could we see as here a beautiful entertainment in which all the hosts are of one nationality and all the guests of another—those nationalities supposed to be none too friendly—and where all the hosts are of one church" (they were all devout and practising members of the Roman Church) "and all the guests of another, not even in communion with each other, and yet all perfectly friendly together, and all full of thoughts of the one Church of the Redeemer? Does it not suggest," I asked, "that in nationality at its best and in religion in its most spiritual form we have forces and influences which bring mankind together, and not drive them asunder?" None of us will forget the enthusiasm with which the whole assembly received these words. How often they must have occurred to most of us as we have recalled them, for this was in May—and at the end of July we were at war!

It was in the course of 1915, after I had been placed in charge, by our own War Office, of all prisoner-of-war camps in this country, that the Oberbürgermeister of Munich ventured to write to me. I say ventured, because he himself said that he was not sure how a letter from him would be regarded by one who was now to be considered an

enemy. He wrote, however, to say that it was reported in Munich that the son of one of their most esteemed city councillors was imprisoned in the Isle of Man, and had to live in a cellar where the light never came, on an evil-smelling bed, with not even enough bread to eat. Could I kindly, he inquired, arrange for him to be transferred to such a camp as Wakefield, where there were men of education and refinement like himself?

It so happened that just then I was sending one of the Lutheran pastors still in this country for a week's services in the Isle of Man, and, forwarding him the Oberbürgermeister's letter, I asked him to see the man in question and take down from his own lips just what his experiences had been. I said that it should then go out to Munich, and should be a statement from a German to a German sent out to Germans without a single Englishman touching it. I need hardly say that Franz Ragaller, for that is his name, was most indignant at hearing what was being said in Munich.

He said to the pastor, "I have never been treated in such a way, never been put in a cellar, nor made to sleep in anything but a perfectly good bed, and have always had good and sufficient food. At the same time I should like to be moved to a camp such as Wakefield, where I could have men of my own position in life." This was, of course, done at once, and with pleasure. The Oberbürgermeister on receiving the statement took care that it should be known in the Bavarian papers, and it made a most favourable impression in Munich. No doubt, they thought to themselves, other stories that are being circulated abroad about English treatment of our prisoners are equally false.

From that time the Oberbürgermeister has written to me at intervals when he had other inquiries to make, and has always put things right, when they were wrong, over his own signature in the Munich press. Learning last May that I had a great desire to go and minister to our fellow countrymen interned in Ruhleben, our friend, for such undoubtedly he is, at once made an application to the Kommandantur, which is the military authority for Berlin and its neighbourhood, including Ruhleben, and was duly informed—he is one of the most influential men in Germany—that I could have the permission to visit Ruhleben for a “strictly limited period.”

This was at the beginning of August, and, as any one can imagine, I was overjoyed at the news. I was sanguine enough to think that I might be able to leave before August was over, but there were many formalities to be observed, many authorities to be consulted both here and in Germany, and it was not until early in November that I was at length able to go over to Switzerland and make the final arrangements with the British and German Legations there. Both the Ministers were of the very greatest help to me, especially Sir Horace Rumbold, and I cannot speak too gratefully also of Baron de Romberg, the German representative. He was courtesy and consideration itself, carried out the arrangements with Berlin by telegraph, obtained for me almost immediately the information that I was to travel, as soon as it could be arranged, by Basle, take only my English passport, would be able to stay in Ruhleben itself, and could spend a whole week there. This information was a very great relief to me, for I knew quite well that if I had to stay in

Berlin and visit the men in the camp, I should never have got really into touch with them. All in this country who knew of my visit were full of interest and congratulatory sympathy. Their Majesties were especially interested, and gave me very cordial messages to the men, and said how eager they would be to hear my report on my return, hoping that I should find things better than the picture we had ourselves come to form about them.

I had felt it vital, therefore, that I should stay actually amongst the men if it were possible, and it was a very great relief to me to learn that I should be able to do so. The Baron was full of thought and foresight in everything relating to my proposed journey. On the morning of my departure, his weekly courier, taking dispatches to the frontier, the young Baron Minnigderoder, called for me at my hotel so as to accompany me on my journey and introduce me to the escort sent down. He was young and enthusiastic, and I feel pretty sure that he didn't like his task, for he was met by German agents of different kinds at Basle, and had to appear before them accompanied by an Englishman. It was all the more credit to him, therefore, that he was perfectly courteous and gentleman-like under these trying circumstances.

On arriving at the German frontier, I was met by a Dr. Schachian, a young Berlin judge, wearing a very brilliant uniform and of captain's rank. Here is his card:—

Dr. HERBERT SCHACHIAN

Gerichtsassessor

z. Zt. bei der Kommandantur der Residenz Berlin
und beim Kriegsgericht der Kommandantur.


He received me with the greatest courtesy and deference, and said how happy he was to have been sent down to be my escort. "I have stayed frequently in England," he said, "and never had anything but friendliness from its people, as I hope I may have again when this war is over." He saw me through the Customs and on to the next station from Basle at Leopoldshöhe, for the line is now interrupted, and open country extends between Germany and Switzerland. It is not so, of course, with France, where the line is still intact both at Pontarlier for Berne and the north, and Frasnés for Lausanne and the south. I felt really thrilled as our automobile dashed away from Basle, and I realized that I was in Germany and on the territory of our greatest and strongest enemy. It seemed stranger still to enter the German train, where compartments were reserved for us in the sleeping-car with every comfort and convenience. I sat back when the train began to move, looking out of the window at the Black Forest I knew so well with a strange sense of unreality.

I had to try and become familiar with the thought that I was actually in Germany—so familiar and yet so strange; and from that time onwards I was conscious of a sense of sadness and deep pathos whenever I looked at the civilian population. In the Black Forest the women were doing all the work in the fields. There were no men, no horses, nor any of the appliances for which horses are required. It seemed to be all spade-work and to have weariness attached to it. From the first I realized, just as I had been told before, and just as I was told after my visit, that every man, woman, and child in the civilian population is suffering, and that they will have a very hard winter indeed.

It was a meatless day, and so we had a very simple meal in the dining-car, and on arriving at Berlin at 8.20 a.m. next day and going across to the "Excelsior Hotel" for "coffee" while my escorting officer telephoned for the automobile which was to take us out to the camp, I saw the early breakfast in one of the best hotels in the capital. Without going into particulars, I can only say it was a most unsatisfying meal; but every one in the room was taking it, I won't say cheerfully, but without any trace of dissatisfaction or word of complaint. There is no question in my mind of what a heavy burden they have to bear in the want of food, but there is no question either that they are determined to bear it as long as they possibly can. Every one in the course of this, for me, eventful journey, with the exception of one lady, was courtesy itself. They all recognized that I was English, for Dr. Schachian and an airman friend he found on the train spoke English to me, and any one else who knew a little English was quite glad to say some little pleasant thing in my own language. So it was from first to last, except the one lady, who apparently was very cross at having to eat such a meagre supper, and thought a few rude remarks to me would ease her feelings. My companions were most indignant at her rudeness, and said, depreciatingly, "She's no class." Her little fit of temper only brought out in stronger contrast the courtesy of every one else, without any exception.

CHAPTER II

ARRIVAL AT THE CAMP

FTER our repast, which, unsatisfying as it was, could not in any way damp the spirits of either of us, we motored out to Ruhleben. The Kommandant, Count von Schwerin, and his son the young count—they were full of regret afterwards—were not there to meet me. It was a day of humiliation and prayer in Prussia, observed, I believe, for two hundred years, and they were in church. The sub-Kommandant, however, received me very cordially, more as if I were from an allied than a hostile country, and soon showed me to my room, where I was very comfortably—though simply, of course—lodged during my stay, with a German orderly in the next room to look after me and make me comfortable. His name was Friedrich, and he seemed as happy to attend on me as he would have been to one of his own nationality.

The camp captain, Mr. Powell, soon came to see me, and welcomed me most heartily. There had been a dim idea for some time that I was to come, but nobody knew when; nor were they in the least expecting me that day. He is a person of real administrative power, and we soon had plans sketched out. We went off at once, for instance, and saw some of the barracks—the loose boxes holding some six and some four bunks. We then went on to the



“PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS.”
(*From the Camp Magazine.*)

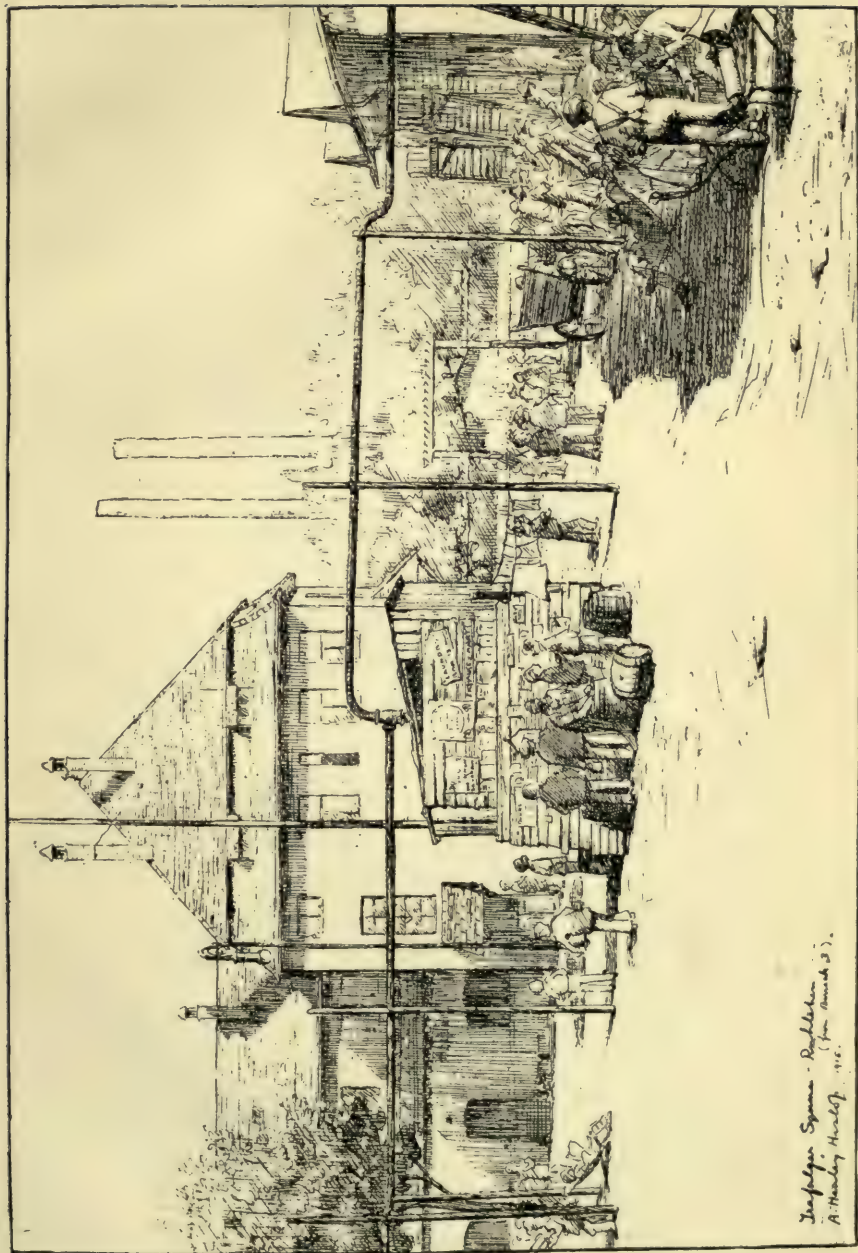
cooking-places, first seeing a private one where men can have their own efforts in the culinary line carried out for a very small charge. There were very amateur sausage-rolls, wonderful things in the way of fish-cakes, the familiar meat-pie, and other preparations which had been prepared in their own boxes—flour, I suppose, is sent in some of the parcels—and brought to the kitchen to be cooked, and then fetched away for dinner. A very small charge—about 2d.—is all that is imposed. There was a newspaper man calling out morning papers. Parties were going out to the siding to bring in the parcels. There was a great air of activity and business on all sides, very few indeed taking notice of their visitor, though, as the word was passed along that I had actually come, many old friends I had known in Germany, some who were soon to be new ones, and others I had known in this country, came up to welcome me.

What impressed me very much was the undoubted fact that the prevailing tone—I made a note of it that very day at Ruhleben—is one of youth, health, buoyancy, determination, and unconquerable spirit. I saw some elderly men I had known before, and they were looking very cast-down, for they had been so bitterly disappointed with respect to the exchange for those over forty-five. They were comparatively few, however, and there are only seven hundred of them altogether in the camp.

It was thought best that I should at once introduce myself to the men, as two o'clock would find them all attending their barracks' roll-call; and, if each barrack captain was told that I had arrived and would like to speak to the men, they could assemble in an open place

where a staircase going up to the upper part of a neighbouring building would give me a very good platform. At the hour mentioned, after I had had midday dinner with the German staff, the whole camp was assembled in the open air waiting for my appearance in "Trafalgar Square." I should describe them as tremendously expectant, but not too sympathetic. This may seem strange to my readers, but they will easily understand that many would say "A bishop is coming to us. He is the only man who has been admitted into Germany since the war. Can he be all right?" and "What is he coming for?" etc. However, they cheered a little as I went up the long staircase accompanied by the camp captain; but as soon as I turned round to look at them I am sure I shall be easily understood when I say that I felt more inclined to burst into tears as I thought of all they had gone through and saw their wistful-looking faces than to address them. However, I pulled myself together and started off. It was a damp day, and they covered a great deal of ground, and it was not very easy to speak, but they were all so attentive that I fancy every one heard.

I began, "My brothers, I am the only man who has been allowed to come into Germany since the war"—"Except Sir Roger!" came from below; to which I replied "He was not an Englishman! and I venture to think that I am the only Englishman who could really claim to come, for it is my work to visit these scattered communities in Northern Europe; and if you had been here in peace time carrying out some piece of work—engineering or the like—I should have been amongst you as I am now. I have long wanted to come, and I can tell you that I



“TRAFALGAR SQUARE.”
(From the Camp Magazine.)

am very happy that the authorities of this country have courteously recognized my claim and really welcomed me here." Another rough voice, with very insolent words, here interrupted, but he was at once shouted down and, as he proved obstinate, was hustled off, and soon found himself in a prison-cell. This was not a good start, but could not be helped; so I went on.

"Next let me say that I bring you a message from the King and Queen. I had the great honour of seeing Their Majesties in August last, and the King said, 'Tell the men that I think of them every day. I send them my very best wishes, and ask them to keep up their national character, not let it down, but uphold their country's good name. I know they will do both. May God bless them.' The Queen said much the same, and she spoke as warmly and sympathetically about you as I felt she would have done of her own sons." These words had an extraordinary effect. The men cheered and cheered again, and I fancy there was hardly anything that I said during my visit that did so much to really please the men as that little maternal touch in connection with Her Gracious Majesty our Queen. It went right home to them. I then told them a little of my experiences with our Naval Division in Holland, where I first came to know what internment really means, and then sketched out my plans, telling them that I wanted to share their camp life to the full, be of all the help and use to them that was possible, bringing them a little breath of air, as it were, from the old country, reminding them that they were not forgotten there, that their native land and friends and homes and church were still theirs, that they must look upon me as a little link between them, both in

My Visit to Ruhleben

coming and going away, and that I should like to be of help to them in private as well as in public gatherings. Little by little I felt that we were really being drawn close together as I went on; and finally, when I told them that I didn't think there was a more thankful man in the whole of Europe than I was to be looking down at them and talking to them and having the prospect of a whole week with them, and then, unable to say more, stumbled down the steps as best I could, their enthusiastic and encouraging cheers prepared me a little for the inspiring time that was to come.

I could not have any one in a prison-cell on the day of my visit, and so I went off to the German guard; and, though they were reluctant, at my entreaties they brought out the poor fellow who had called me names. He was very shame-faced, but had heard a little in the distance of what had been going on, and came straight at me with apologies.

"I thought," said he, "you were an emissary of the Kaiser."

"I don't know why you should think that I am an emissary, if you like the word, of any one but our own Sovereign, for I come from him and no one else, and bring you everything that I can to cheer you from the old country, and so you and I must be friends." We were "soon on each other's necks," so to speak, and I felt that I had been duly and properly launched on the life of Ruhleben Camp. The rest of the afternoon was spent in seeing the Y.M.C.A. Executive, and taking in, as well as I could, the general conditions. At half-past four I went out for my first meal in Barrack 6, Box 10. It was high

tea, with most excellent fare, including kippers of the most delicious character. I never knew till my visit to Ruhleben that there were so many nice things in tins, and least of all did I know that kippers were preserved in that way.

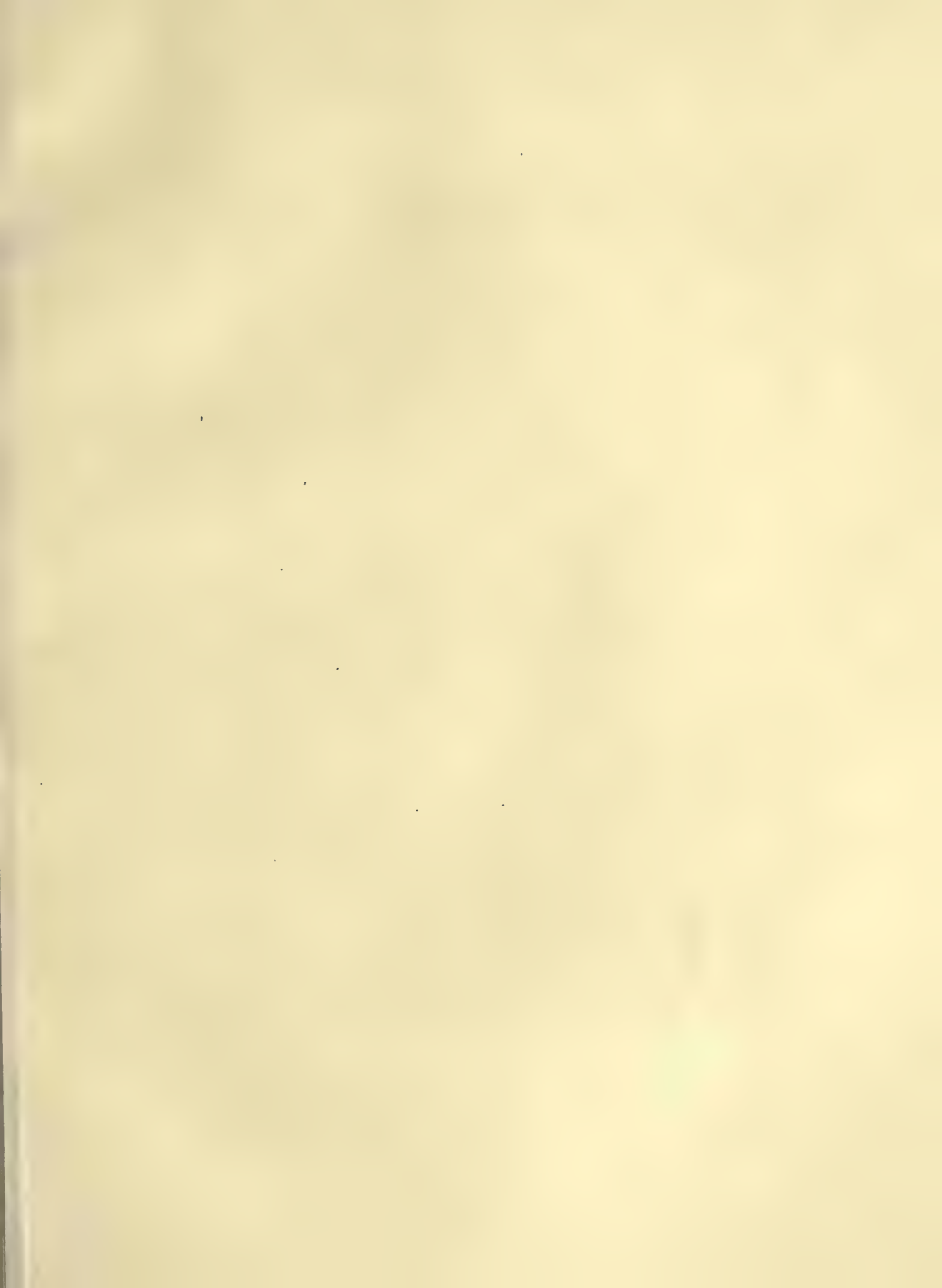
Our conversation was a good deal about their first most painful, indeed terrible, experiences; but I will not speak of them. They are over and gone, and the men would rather they were considered to be so now. As soon as tea was over it was time to go to the evening meeting—early hours are kept in Ruhleben—in the Y.M.C.A. hut. On Wednesdays Americans from Berlin conduct, not exactly a service, but a meeting of a religious character; but they very kindly gave way to me, and, indeed, allowed me to have the hut every evening of my stay.

To give my readers an idea of how freely I spoke to the men, and how freely I was expected to do so, I will just give the three heads of my address. First, the wonderful spirit of the new armies, and the way in which they have caught the spirit of the old army and contributed a certain buoyancy and determination, confidence, and courage especially their own. Secondly, the spirit of our Allies, especially France and Russia, both of which countries have been well known to me during the war; and, thirdly, the way in which a new spiritual vision and religious spirit is appearing in every part of the war area. It cannot be adequately understood what this address meant to those men, who had only the scantiest information of what has been going on in our national life since the very beginning of the war. I have never in all my life had such a responsive audience. The room is supposed to hold six hundred, but there must have

been close on a thousand. The atmosphere was quite electric with feeling, emotion, sympathy, and patriotic ardour. I could hardly get on for cheers. My words were understood almost before they were spoken. It was indeed, as Tennyson said :—

“Thought leapt out to wed with thought,
Ere thought could wed itself with speech.”

If I told them funny things, which of course I did as frequently as I could, their laughter was uproarious, but the joy of it all was that nothing went so evidently home as the appeal to true manhood and for God. It is not too much to say that I have never spoken in such a sympathetic atmosphere before ; *but then and there I got my first experience of the highly-strung condition, so quick to move either way*, which is the effect of the conditions under which they have been living from the first, and the result of the unrelaxing, persistent, and successful efforts they have made to overcome them. I felt as uplifted as any one there as I went back to my room, accompanied by the camp captain and Mr. Ketchum, who has done so much to promote, with many others, the religious life of the camp. We sat and talked long over our simple supper, on the day's doings and those still to come, and I felt even then quite ready to endorse the camp captain's words, “It is the best bit of corporate life I have ever known.”





THE OBERBÜRGERMEISTER OF MUNICH.

CHAPTER III

KRIEGSMINISTERIUM



MY first morning in camp was the only time I had breakfast in my own room. The previous evening I had been told that it would be provided for me by the men. They knew what the substitute for coffee means in Germany, and war bread, and the absence of milk, and with wonderful thought and consideration told me they should like to provide my meals when I was not taking them with the staff. I called them the "ravens" because they fed me thus with "flesh and bread in the morning and flesh and bread in the evening."

I had replied to the hospitable suggestion that when abroad I was always content with the continental breakfast—coffee, bread-and-butter, and, if possible, an egg—but the mention of the latter caused some anxiety, as an actual egg is the most difficult of all things to get in camp. There proved to be, on inquiry, only one in the whole of Ruhleben, and that hard-boiled, but an enterprising and hopeful spirit in the end sent me a message that there should be an egg next morning, or "the fowl that ought to have laid it."

I was rather surprised at hearing of a fowl, but it proved that there was a little farmyard, as there is something of everything in Ruhleben, and I felt quite relieved at begin-

ning my morning meal to find an egg, and not a fowl that had disappointed. But as I took that meal all alone I felt I was wasting a precious opportunity, and determined that morning that all meals in future, except those with the staff, should be with the men themselves. I knew how heartily they would welcome me, and felt sure it would be a priceless opportunity of really getting to know them. There were many already known to me, young fellows in Berlin, a part of the community at Hamburg, some from Wiesbaden, Frankfurt, and other places, and it occurred to me that if I could have breakfast in one loft or box, tea in another, and supper in yet another, I should get opportunities of seeing old friends and making new ones such as could come to me in no other way. This plan worked quite admirably, and really let me into the inner life of the camp as nothing else could have done.

After breakfast came a most surprising communication in the shape of a message from the Kriegsministerium, or War Office, to the effect that they wished to receive me officially that day, both to greet me on coming into the country and to confer with me on the general question of prisoners of war in both countries. I had, therefore, only a very short morning in camp, and spent it in visiting the kitchens, under Mr. Ernest Pike, who is, I believe, a borough councillor of Westminster, and a most able man, and going with him into the whole question of food and parcels. It seemed so strange, as on the previous day, to see men of education and good position in charge of all the cooking arrangements, both directing and from time to time taking part in them. At the special kitchen which I have already mentioned there were in charge an influential lace merchant

from Southern Germany, and another, if I remember rightly, a professional man. Mr. Pike gave me the whole history of the supplies of food and the various stages which had led up to the present state of real efficiency.

The German authorities supply what I suppose may be called civilian rations to the camp, but it very imperfectly describes their character to say that they are utterly inadequate. The allowance of meat to the civilian population is about a quarter of a pound per week. There is fish on certain days, excellent in character, potatoes and apples and tea, the war bread—very sour—and practically little else besides, for the butter, or that which passes by the name of butter, is, like the bread, uneatable for our men. A population accustomed to such food can, of course, derive nourishment from it, but those who are not accustomed to it and who turn against it can hardly be nourished by it. They use in the kitchens, of course, what they can, and make the best of it; but I should like all my readers to be perfectly clear—I can hardly lay too great stress upon it—that the supplies of food which are now being sent so regularly, and which, in my judgement, under present conditions, are quite adequate, are absolutely necessary, I will not say to the comfort of the men, but to their very existence.

I should have the greatest fears for their health, even for their lives after a time, if the supply of food from this country ceased or was interfered with for any considerable time. I say this with a very deep sense of responsibility, and I feel sure that the camp authorities would agree with me, and make their position in this respect perfectly clear. We must suppose that they are

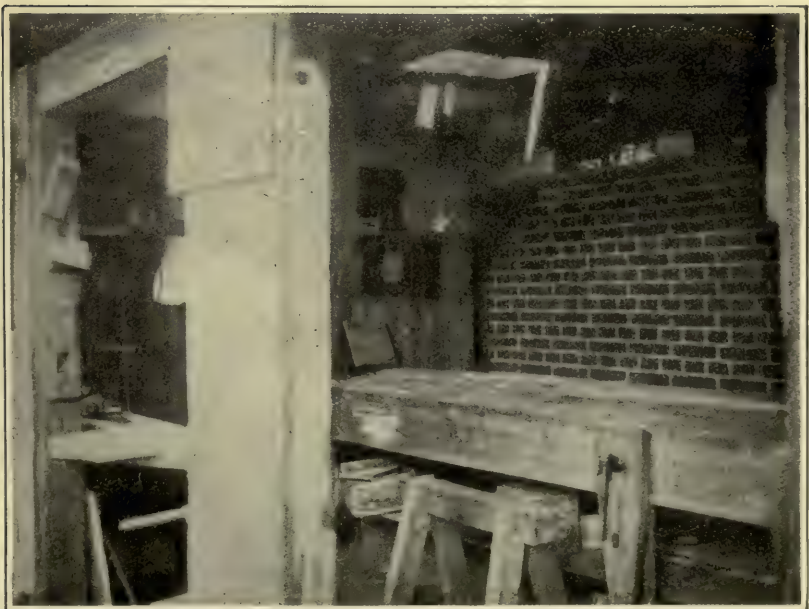
giving all that they feel able to do; but if that, as I believe, is in no way approaching sufficient, one feels that they ought not only to allow us, but to feel very thankful that we are willing, to supply what is additionally necessary.

There are only two public kitchens and the special one I have mentioned already, and which I had seen the previous day. Amongst other suggestions that I have made to the Berlin War Office, therefore, is a request that they may grant us a kitchen for every pair of barracks, that is for every two or three hundred men, as at present they have to go and stand in long queues, and if it is cold and wet weather most of them find that the food is cold and unappetizing after a longish walk back to their quarters. Of course, I have said to the authorities that we should not think of adding to their expenses in any way, but would gladly provide it at our own expense, and still be thankful for the consideration.

The arrangements as to the parcels are quite excellent. The wagons containing them come in each morning to a siding just outside the camp-gate. Men then go out, harnessing themselves to a cart, much as sailors do when drawing guns, and remove the parcels themselves from the wagons and bring them into camp. They are then looked over, and the owners, those to whom they are addressed, duly notified. Every man who has a parcel, or parcels, is allowed to open it himself with a soldier standing by just to glance over its contents. This inspection must be very perfunctory and nominal, because with the vast number of parcels which come in daily nothing like a systematic examination can be possible. I do not believe that parcels



CAMP SCHOOL—THE BIOLOGICAL LABORATORY.



CAMP SCHOOL—THE HANDICRAFTS WORKSHOP.

(From the Camp Magazine.)

are in any way interfered with. Since my return I have had all kinds of letters from people who are anxious to know about them, and again and again I have been asked if it is not true that officials make men sign that they have received their parcel, and then take it away from them and eat its contents.

I feel sure that nothing of the kind takes place, for I remember, when at Berne in the earlier part of the year, how Lady Grant-Duff showed me numbers of parcels which had come back from Germany in consequence of inability to find their owners. It would not have been surprising if the bread parcels had been kept in the country, as it was so much needed there, and would not be of much use when returned after six weeks. But, as Sir Evelyn Grant-Duff remarked, it shows how excellent is the working of the German organization with respect to these things.

I have written rather at length on this question because I know how many people in this country are anxious to know about the parcels. They arrive in very great numbers, containing all sorts of things, because all supplies—not food alone—have to be sent in that way; and I believe that, with very few exceptions, all arrive in safety and good condition, and are received with great satisfaction by those to whom they are addressed.

There has been the very greatest exaggeration with respect to them. I was asked, for instance, if it was true that 80,000 parcels had been recently destroyed in Holland. It proved that a statement had been made in a Dutch paper that 800 had come to grief in an accident, but it turned out in the end that the number was forty. I may further say, in conclusion, that in the opinion of the men

My Visit to Ruhleben

themselves such organization as has been lately carried out with respect to parcels was highly desirable and necessary. Some certainly will not get all the comforts, even luxuries, that they had before; but they won't mind when they know, as they will, that all is now so much more fairly done.

One prisoner abroad wrote a piteous letter to one of our bishops at home, asking to be excused for doing so, but stating that it was his last resort, for he had to look on and see men receiving parcels from home while he had not one single friend or any one to take an interest in him. The bishop sent on this letter to me, and I was able to reply within a day, after making the necessary inquiries, that this man had received regularly ten parcels a week, and bread from Berne as well. Such cases are, however, I am sure, very exceptional, but I mention this one so as to give some little assurance that no one is really neglected or overlooked. There are, of course, at Ruhleben many men, the negroes and others, for instance, who have no friends to send them parcels; but the British Government supplies funds for this purpose through the United States Embassy, and the camp captain spends every Thursday there making his weekly statement and receiving the necessary amounts to supply the needy cases with the food and other articles they require. At present, let me say clearly, I consider the arrangements as to food quite excellent and entirely sufficient, though the parcels must under no circumstances be discontinued, but rather supplied to the fullest extent allowed by regulations.

A little before twelve that day the car came in from the War Office, an official coming as usual to escort me, and, taking with me the official interpreter, I left at once for

Berlin. General Friedrich received me, accompanied by a very brilliant staff, and there I found, smiling and friendly, the Oberbürgermeister of Munich, who, I found, had travelled all night to meet me. Together we were handed to the sofa, the place of honour in Germany, and the staff took their places at a large table near us, with General Friedrich presiding. First he, in the name of himself and the officers present, expressed his satisfaction that I had come to visit the camp at Ruhleben, and hoped that I should find there that they were doing their best for my fellow countrymen. I thanked him in reply for his very great courtesy, and told him how grateful I felt, and I was sure the feeling was general in my own country, at being allowed, in the midst of this great war, to come into Germany and cheer, and minister to, my interned fellow countrymen. I took the opportunity at once to ask how far they considered I was expected to go in this direction, explaining that I was very anxious to do all I could to cheer and encourage them, but that, mindful of the great courtesy I had received, I did not wish to do anything that was unworthy of a guest. The general replied at once:—

“Please do all you can to hearten and cheer up your fellow countrymen. Appeal to their patriotism, speak to their manhood. You and they will have no one between you. There will be no official of the camp; no one to listen to you, no one to come between yourself and them. We trust you entirely with them, and you will understand, I am sure, that we do not wish to diminish any one’s sense of nationality who is imprisoned or interned in Germany.”

I know how strange these words will seem to many of

my readers, but they seemed to come straight from the heart of the speaker, and I took the fullest advantage of them, both that and every other day which followed.

We then had a lengthy conference with respect to prisoners of war, and at the outset I explained, some of them being very much astonished, that in 1915 our British War Office had appointed me to take charge of the social and religious work and workers in all the prisoners-of-war and alien camps in our own country, chiefly because they believed that this would be satisfactory to the German authorities, who, as we had every reason to believe, felt that they could send from time to time what are called semi-official inquiries concerning prisoners and receive from me a truthful answer. I read them a short review of my book, *Here and There in the War Area*, just published, from the Literary Supplement of the *Times*, in which this was stated, and it made quite a deep impression on those present. So courteous and pleasant was the reception, that I was emboldened to ask if it was true that no reputable German paper for the last two years had reflected upon our treatment of prisoners of war in this country. The general replied that he believed it was true, and stated that they were quite satisfied that we had done our best to treat our interned and prisoners of war fairly, justly, and considerately. But at the suggestion, however, of one who was present, the general then said:—

“We hear, however, that since the Battle of the Somme some of our men have not been so well treated as before;” and when I asked for something specific, went on to say that he understood tables and chairs and little comforts had been taken away from the men. I was able, however,

which I did with very great energy, to say that I knew this to be untrue.

"We have no commandant," I said, "who would take away any comfort from his men. He would much rather add to them, as all in authority wish their men in their imprisonment to be comfortable and contented."

I was able, in addition, to describe an incident which occurred during my visit to the Commandant at Donnington Hall, at the end of July, when the Battle of the Somme had been raging for nearly a month, which, I felt sure, had got into one of the officers' letters, and after reaching Germany had been magnified in some local paper.

It would take too long to describe that interview at length, though there is no reason that I should not do so, as, of course, there was nothing of a private or confidential nature about it; but I must very gratefully say that I had every encouragement to speak out frankly and clearly about the whole question of internment and imprisonment, and I did so.

I explained fully how prisoners of war and interned were being treated in our own country, and told him that I had five German pastors at work. I read to him a letter from one of their number, a graduate of the University of Berlin, telling me what a privilege it had been for them to work under me in our own country. The writer was very frank in his letter, and said that they had all viewed with some apprehension their having to work under one of the enemy; but they had gratefully found that they could confidently do so, and that he only hoped he would find it as pleasant to work again under his own Church authorities when the war was over.

The general, on his part, said that they were very deeply grateful in Germany for all that they had heard about the prisoners of war and the interned aliens in this country, and that they were very well aware that things had not been so satisfactory in their own country. He said, however, that perhaps we hardly realized what it meant for them to have to find accommodation and superintendence, with all their barracks occupied for training purposes, and with such vast numbers of prisoners to guard, superintend, and accommodate. I confess that I had not quite realized their difficulties until he pointed them out. I had only, I frankly own, thought of the difference between our treatment of German prisoners and the German treatment of British prisoners, leaving out of sight, I fear, the fact that there are vast numbers of French and Russian prisoners in Germany as well as our own fellow countrymen. The general said that they had, quite early in the war, to provide for a hundred thousand Russian prisoners after Tannenberg alone, and that they had more than two millions of different nationalities. He said that those in authority had tried their very best, and they felt now something like satisfied with the results, though they could not be sure in all cases, with such vast numbers, that all commandants would properly carry out the instructions given to them, nor could they be sure always, with all the different nationalities concerned, that the officials in the camps would strictly carry out their instructions either.

I have never, on my part, realized the difficulties that Germany has with respect to her prisoners until they were thus pointed out to me. He said that both he and his staff had wished to discharge their responsibilities with real

regard to humanity, but while he was speaking one could not but think of Wittenberg and Gardelengen, where the blame certainly rested directly and very terribly upon the camp authorities.

Just before I left, while we were speaking of the many camps in their country, the general astonished me—took away my breath, I may say—by saying:—

“ Now that you are here, why not visit all the camps—Wittenberg, Gardelengen, and others—and stay as long as you like ? ”

This was a most tempting prospect, and I believe that I have been blamed for not at once accepting it; but I had only obtained permission from our own authorities to pay, just what I had been asked to do, a “ strictly limited visit to Ruhleben,” and, as I was not able to consult them, I had reluctantly to decline. I explained this, however, and asked if I might be allowed to come back at a later date, and the general at once assured me that I might do so. He seemed full of regret that I should not see at least one military camp, and as Blankenburg was quite near, it was arranged that I should go there on the following Monday, so that I should have seen both civilians and officers. A little before three our momentous conference terminated. I call it momentous, because all through its course the thought was never absent from my mind, “ How strange it is to be here in our principal enemy’s War Office and in an atmosphere apparently so sincere, so sympathetic, and truly courteous,” and that sense of strangeness is with me still.

It was not till that day that I fully understood the functions of the Royal Kommandantur Office, which had

My Visit to Ruhleben

sent me the permission to come. It is the military authority for Berlin and its immediate neighbourhood, which includes Ruhleben, as I have already said, and of course, would have to receive any application connected with the camp. It was to them, therefore, that the Oberbürgermeister made his application early last summer, and they who granted it. The Kriegsministerium, or War Office, is the military authority for the whole of Prussia, and there is, as is the case with our own War Office, a department for dealing specially with prisoners of war, presided over by General Friedrich, who had received me that day. There is a different War Office, as I learnt from the Oberbürgermeister, for Bavaria, and he had greatly enjoyed, as he told me, being received by the War Office of Prussia, which was quite unknown to him before. The General Staff and Higher Command, of course, form the military authority for the whole empire.

I was not received anywhere else in Berlin, not even by the Kommandantur, as General Friedrich and his staff were the department for dealing with prisoners of war and interned aliens. The Oberbürgermeister accompanied me back to the camp, in order that he might see it, make acquaintance with the staff there, and see something of our fellow countrymen. He was in very high spirits, and it was good to see him once more and be reminded of his very great kindness in the past and the very friendly attitude which had been so conspicuously shown towards us in the City of Munich.

We motored past the Sieges Allee, and, some one mentioning Hindenburg, I inquired if his statue was near. At once the car was turned and driven to the place where this

great wooden image stands, nearly covered now by the nails driven into it. It was then that I learnt what an extraordinary influence the field-marshal exercises over German imagination. Their eyes glowed as they gazed at him. To me it seemed strangely incongruous to have him there at the bottom of that great avenue of white statuary, out of keeping with everything else, and not at all, as far as I could judge, impressive. No officer, however, mentioned or even alluded to him without that quite mystical look upon the face which one associates with the sense of being in touch with a great personality. Every adjective that can be used, together with the word "genius," comes readily to the tongue of any one in Germany when speaking of Hindenburg. It is, indeed, a great name there, and one of wonderful, even magical, power. How long it will remain so it will be for history to relate. I must own, however, that I turned away from the statue without being in any way able to apprehend it.

The Oberbürgermeister spent quite a time in the camp, and went off in the evening as happy as a boy, and I feel sure that he still talks with great appreciation of his day in the War Office and in the British Camp.

In the evening of that day came my second talk with the men, and this time it was on Russia and my recent experiences there. They followed it from first to last with the very keenest attention, happy and uproarious as before at any funny stories or little attempts at humour, but always tensely attentive and responsive when the deeper things concerned in our alliance were being described. Again I felt what a wonderful privilege it was to have such an audience, and to be able to speak in such an atmosphere.

The Hut—I never like the word, but have to use it, though I think Hall would be far more fitting—was crowded to its utmost capacity, with men standing about the entrances ; and after about an hour and a half a blessing brought the evening to a close just before roll-call.

I still had interviews in my room, and it was late before, tired out, I sought my rest. As I got into bed I could not but think of one of the men who, coming in for the first time in the early morning, had stood motionless in the middle of the floor, gazing into the corner where I was then lying.

“What are you looking at so attentively?” I had inquired.

“I am looking at that bed,” he said, drawing a deep breath. “It seems so strange, after two years and a half, to see one again. I wonder when I shall lie down in one?”

I have just been reading, as I write this, an account of one of my Bremen friends, repatriated from Ruhleben, in which he says :—

“I had a good laugh the following morning. On awakening I said to a dear old friend who slept in the next bed, ‘Say, old man, what a pity it’s raining on our first day in the old country!’ and in reply my friend said, ‘Raining? not it ; I’m just running my feet up and down against the sheet for the first time for over a year!’ Sure enough he was, and thoroughly enjoying the benefits of a clean and comfortable bed.”

I had not any sheet myself that night, only a warm coverlet ; but all was clean and comfortable, and my last thoughts were, “I hope all these poor fellows will before long turn in, as I am doing now, to proper beds.”




THE CAMP SCHOOL—PHYSICAL LABORATORY.



THE CAMP SCHOOL—ENGLISH AND GERMAN CLASSROOM.
(From the Camp Magazine.)

CHAPTER IV

THE CAMP

HE camp at Ruhleben is the great race-course for trotting matches in the neighbourhood of Berlin. It is about three miles away, and the drive there is extremely interesting, as it takes one along the magnificent, wide, and perfectly straight road from the Brandenburg Gate at Berlin to the Royal Palace at Potsdam. After passing along it for a good distance, entering Charlottenburg, one of Berlin's most pleasant suburbs, and coming close to the Gr newald, the healthiest forest country near Berlin, one turns sharply off along a side road and reaches Ruhleben, close to smoky Spandau, where there is a fortress in which the French indemnity of 1870 was deposited so long, and which reminds one of some town in our own Black Country.

There is a very excellent representation in the illustration opposite page 60.

The race-course itself is very spacious, and is used for football matches, hockey, golf, and the like. The ground appears to be sandy, and I should fancy the place is quite healthy. The chief erection is, of course, the grand stand; and between this and the race-course itself is an open space where men take their exercise and "constitutionals," and which is called in one of the illustrations the "Pro-

menade des Anglais." In addition to this, there are those buildings usually met with on race-courses—large barracks we call them now—with loose boxes for the horses, and a central corridor, buildings of different kinds for putting up the carriages used in the races, and lofts above them for fodder and other stores, a series of rooms for the administration of the race-course, and a casino. I don't know whether it was our internment at Newbury, the race-course for Reading, or our using race-courses such as Kempton Park for the training of our own men, which caused Ruhleben to be chosen in November, 1914, as a suitable place for civilians' internment. Many of those sent there had been living in comparative comfort at Baden Baden from the time of the declaration of war, and it must have been a very great change for them. Unfortunately, moreover, they were brought there before the place was properly prepared, and were thrust into lofts and boxes with scarcely any provision being made for them.

Without any description of mine it may easily be understood what they had to suffer until proper arrangements were made. I have now and then to remind my readers that I am conscious of all this, as some newspapers have thought I took "too rosy a view" of things. I am perfectly clear in my own mind as to what those unfortunate men have had to endure in the past; but I am, let me again repeat it, putting down here the things that I saw, and it will be far better for those who are related to the men to think of them as they are now than to brood over what they have had to endure in the past.

The loose boxes are now properly fitted with bunks, some being larger than others. The large corridor, with



PORTRAIT BY MR. C. M. HORSFALL.
(A Specimen of his work from the Camp Magazine.)

its stone floor, gives air and space, the lofts particularly being extremely well adapted now for their present purpose. I prefer the lofts to the boxes, because they have windows out of which one can look, whereas the windows in the boxes are usually far above the ground. I went to tea more frequently in the boxes, and on one occasion we sat down sixteen in number—rather a crowd—but were quite comfortable. They had made a great effort on that occasion, and had flowers in the middle of the table. I said as I took my seat I felt I was at a kind of wedding breakfast or some similar festivity.

The kitchens, of course, have been specially erected, as also have the buildings for sanitary purposes, which I may say now are excellent. Wooden buildings for the postal arrangements, for shops, for hair-cutting and shaving, for carpenters' work and the like, have been put up, but there are not very many of these specially erected. The buildings for the most part are those which were there before. There is one large building, specially erected, used as a barrack.

The plan at the end of the book will give a very clear idea of the camp. In the centre is the large Y.M.C.A. Hut, which was constructed by the German Branch of the Y.M.C.A. so as to be ready for Christmas, 1915. It has been a great boon to the men, but, being arranged to provide accommodation for only six hundred men, is clearly insufficient. I therefore asked permission—I don't know if it will be granted—before I left, for an addition to be made to it, saying, of course, we should not ask the authorities to bear the expense.

The German staff, consisting of the Kommandant and

his son, the sub-Kommandant, the official interpreter, doctor, and others, have their business rooms in the large stone building which I have mentioned as having been provided for the administration in the past; but, with the exception of the doctor, none of them spend the night there. It was here that I was accommodated myself with very simple but quite adequate furniture and a large china German stove, which made me very comfortable. Off my room opened another, where the German orderly slept. He was supposed to look after me, though I gave him very little trouble beyond bringing me a cold bath in the morning—I don't think he ever got over the horror of it—making my bed and putting things to rights. I had a table, and could write or make use of a most excellent stenographer who kindly offered me his services, and, of course, received the camp captain and others who wished to have interviews with me at odd times in this my one room.

The German guard—it was not nearly as large as we should have in this country for the same number of men—were stationed close to the gate, where they had a guard-room; and I could hear the guard being changed during the night, as a room was used by them just underneath my own. They seemed to me to have nothing whatever to do with the ordinary life of the camp beyond just keeping guard at the gate. I never made the complete circuit of the race-course, though no doubt I should have found if I had done so that there were guards stationed along it at intervals; but their only work seemed to me to be keeping guard.

The camp itself is under the direction of Mr. Powell,



THE POST OFFICE.

the camp captain. He has a vice-captain, and then each barrack has a barrack captain also. In addition there is a little body of police distinguished from others by a white armlet. The whole work, life, doings, and occupations of the camp are therefore entirely under *our own management*. I don't suppose for a moment that this has been of easy accomplishment, for I feel sure, though they have not dwelt upon it, that it has had to be gained little by little, by British pluck, determination, and efficiency gradually impressing upon the staff that they could not possibly do better in their own and our men's interests than let them govern themselves.

The camp captain is responsible for the whole administration, and is untiring, I should think, in his energetic work of superintendence. He goes to Berlin every Thursday to the United States Embassy to give in his financial report. The British Government find all the funds which are necessary for the ordinary work of the camp and for the wants of those who do not receive parcels from friends. All this is excellently done, and no one need have any fears at all that any one is overlooked there. It is the business of our own authorities to see that every single person is properly cared for, and this is effectively and thoroughly done.

The community is of an extraordinarily varied and representative character. There are members of our own nobility, Oxford and Cambridge dons, men who had just left the public schools and entered upon their University course, some of whom had only just arrived in Germany when the war broke out for a little holiday or walking tour; and others who had come for cures or to health resorts.

There are also those who were already resident in Germany, bankers and merchants from Hamburg, Bremen, and other important business and shipping centres, merchants from different parts of the empire, young men in the service of electric and other companies, musicians, some of whom were teaching and others studying in Berlin and other places, teachers, and others. Then there are, again, those who have been taken prisoner outside the German empire, at sea, captains on merchant ships and trawlers, officers, and sailor lads. The mercantile marine, as well as the trawlers and mine-sweepers, are very well represented, and, finally, there are negroes from West Africa, East Africa, the West Indies, Barbados, Singapore, Liberia, and other places. Could a more heterogeneous community well be imagined? My readers can judge for themselves of what kind of corporate spirit we are capable when they grasp a little, as I hope they have done already, of the public spirit of the whole camp.

The sailor lads, a very high-spirited set, are under the management of a Captain Pow, whose heart is in his work. They are a joyous set, and I loved to be amongst them. The negroes are in their own barrack, and have two of our very best men in charge of them, who just simply love their work. It would never have done to put one of their own number in charge; but as it is they have just what the two races need—the white chivalrously helping the black, giving leadership and sympathy, and the black looking up to the white, confident of getting a really helpful and friendly lead.

There is a class, as in this country, which specially claims sympathy—the men of British nationality who are

thoroughly German in experience, sentiment, and sympathy. Born there, though with parents of British nationality, they have never known anything but the German outlook, and therefore their sympathies are with that country. Some hundreds, I believe, will take up German nationality when the war is over. The corresponding class is very large in our internment camps here. I have felt a very great sympathy for them. Many of them have lived here nearly all their lives. Their only explanation of their being here is that they have loved England better than their own country. Their children don't speak anything but English, and have been fighting and dying for us on the Somme and other places. It does seem, I must confess, to me very hard that those men should be interned as they are in internment camps amongst those who are very hostile to them.

The lazarette, or small hospital, is just outside the entrance to the camp. Half an hour away is Dr. Weiler's sanatorium, a very large and excellent establishment. It is to this place that men are sent who get what is called in the camp "nerves," and who require therefore mental treatment. A great deal has been said about these mental cases. I heard as long ago as last August that a man was taken away to the lunatic asylum every day or so, but I am sure that this is a very great exaggeration. Men must have been from the very first under a very severe mental strain at Ruhleben, and I think it a very wonderful thing that so few comparatively have broken down. I hope it may prove that none have done so permanently.

As far as I could judge, there are, at the most, seventy in the sanatorium, and only one of these was I unable to see. I should think that I visited perhaps thirty or forty in the

wards, not all of whom were confined to bed. The others were quite able to go out into the garden and afford me the opportunity of giving them an address. I did not see one with whom I could not converse intelligibly, and to the men in the garden I could speak just as reasonably as to any one else. It was the day before Advent Sunday, with "Stir up the wills of Thy faithful people" in the Collect; and I asked them to try and get a strong hold upon themselves and upon their own wills as well as to pray God in the spirit of that Collect to strengthen or "stir them up." A little more restrained perhaps they were, though just as eager, even enthusiastic, a body of men to talk to as those I had left behind in the camp.

The day begins in the camp about seven, and on looking out from my window soon after that time I found men moving about. They can have boiling water from that time for tea or any other purpose, and, of course, can heat it for themselves at any time they like. There was very good electric light all through the camp, and the men had also their own lights in addition, as there is a very good, though small, electric establishment where, in control of the men, a little administration arranges to supply accumulators; and though the main light goes off at nine, if men wish they can carry on their own light, though it is of less power, and many of them have it so fitted that they can read comfortably in bed.

I have been asked from many quarters as to whether the heating arrangements have not broken down or been removed. I did not hear anything said about this, and I rather fancy I should have done, as it was, of course, cold in November, when I was there; but still there may be difficulties



THE CAMP POLICE.

now with respect to fuel of which I know nothing. Everything, however, that one reads in extracts from German newspapers and has heard from those who have returned from Ruhleben makes one feel sure that the absence of the necessities and comforts of life is day by day increasingly felt everywhere in Germany.

The German staff—with whom I was expected to dine nearly every day at one—have their mess-room in the casino, a quite comfortable room, but without any luxuries, and the barrack captains have a mess-room also comfortably arranged with small tables, where they are able to have their meals, or their dinners at any rate, with better surroundings than in their own quarters.

There is a canteen where wine is supplied. I believe that the men have not wished that either wine or spirits should be supplied, but have not been able to get their own way with respect to this, as the German authorities evidently think that it ought to be possible for men to get just what they wish.

The camp school really requires a chapter to itself. To me it is, as I think of it, rather like some mediaeval university. All the equipment for a higher education is there, but—suggestive of the old pursuit of knowledge under difficulties—the setting of it all seems so extraordinary. Instead of our modern lecture-rooms are the little places amongst the lofts, with seats and desks of plain, unvarnished timber. In some places there is nothing but artificial light. This did seem strange to me, as it was explained that skylights had been refused lest they should be the means of letting in a few drops of rain! I was not fortunate in the time chosen for my visit, as it was immediately after “half-

time " at the grand football match, and all the world had been there, of course, that afternoon, and naturally would remain on to the close.

Mr. A. C. Ford, however, the Chairman of the General Committee, though "Dean of Ruhleben" is a much more fitting title for him, and one or two of his staff were there to receive me and show me the different departments. In languages, English, German, Celtic, French, Spanish, Russian, Dutch, Danish, and Italian are taught—and there were some six hundred attending the German lectures. Mathematics and physical sciences, the biological sciences, engineering, navigation and other nautical subjects, commercial subjects, arts, music, handicrafts, all have their different teachers and classes, and the two laboratories, especially that for physics, are wonderful places. I compared them with some of the laboratories at the great mines in Siberia, and really wondered how such results had been obtained. I may say that these educational opportunities are both valued and used, for I saw in the report given to me that last term in the English department there had been 3 lecture classes, 43 ordinary classes, 28 teachers, and 191 individual pupils. No one would dream, in looking over the prospectus of the work for the autumn term, 1916, that it proceeded from an internment camp in an enemy's country. I told Mr. Ford that I thought it ought to be spoken of as Ruhleben University, and that I hoped on my return visit they would present me with an honorary degree. I shouldn't wonder if they have already devised the hood, and possibly even a new doctor's gown!

I am particularly anxious that the present Y.M.C.A. Hut—I will describe it at greater length in the chapter

on religious life—should be enlarged. I don't think it is absolutely necessary that a building should be erected large enough to hold *all* our men, but it must be obvious that a room constructed to hold 600 is very inadequate for a community of 3,000 more than that number. I was fortunate, of course, in the weather; but if it had been raining on the day of my arrival I should have found it very difficult to get into touch with the men at once. Fortunately it was dry, and therefore the large open space commanded by the staircase running up to one of the barracks was an admirable place from which to speak, both in my first address and in the last one just before I left the camp.

We ought, however, to have one constructed to hold 1,500 people, and into which we could at a pinch get 2,000 men. This, with silence duly required during the day, would be an inestimable boon to the men. It is a tremendous tax and strain for them to feel that they can never be alone nor perfectly quiet, and I think this is responsible for the nerves. I remember what an excellent thing I thought it when the Commandant at Islington, with most admirable buildings, pointed out to me that he had built a temporary hut to be a silence-place, so that men could go away and for two or three hours, if they wished, be perfectly quiet. At present such a thing is out of the question at Ruhleben.

There is no doubt that overcrowding, especially in the hot weather, has been a very serious inconvenience. In the loose boxes it does not exist; but in the barracks, and especially in the one erected during the internment, there is certainly not sufficient space, but it is bearable, and that this is what the men themselves feel is shown by the fact that when, a little time ago, the authorities pro-

posed to relieve the overcrowding and construct another camp at Havilburg which would accommodate 700 men, the men at once petitioned that this idea might not be carried out, as they preferred after this length of time to stay where they are. I can well understand it, even if they are suffering serious inconvenience. They have grown into the life, they have their own arrangements, amusements, occupations, and friends, and it would be a terrifying prospect, I am sure, for those who were removed to another place to begin all over again, and try to get what they have now at Ruhleben.

Let us therefore end this chapter by saying, as the men wished me to say, that relations and friends may believe that as they have borne it so long they can bear it on to the end, and mean to do so bravely and uncomplainingly, *however long they have to wait for it.*




*The Popular & charming Dean of Ruhlston
University.*

MR. A. C. FORD, CHAIRMAN OF THE CAMP SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

(From the Camp Magazine.)

CHAPTER V

SOCIAL LIFE

T seems almost presumptuous to try and write of the social life of Ruhleben, because I have not seen the camp under its normal and ordinary conditions, nor would it be possible for me to do so. From the first moment that I stood up to address those men to the last, when the camp-gate was closed upon our departing car, life at Ruhleben was not on its usual level. I a little realized then—I am doing so now even more fully—what it meant to have a visitor from the old country, bringing it up before their imagination, speaking to them in the first few moments of things that had been in their mind so long, and seeming almost to bring them before their eyes. They at once, quite naturally, began to speak of these things, old times, those dear to them, and hopes for the future. There was the looking forward to the evening meeting, when they were to hear more. Many had not made up their minds how they would receive me. As one of them said in a letter to his mother, "We listened to him, of course, and were very glad to hear all he had to say to us, especially the message from the King and Queen, and as he came down the steps we cheered and did it all very heartily; but we felt *another meeting will be necessary before we can feel that the ice is broken.*"

So there was expectancy. In the evening, as I have already said, I felt that I interested the men and that they interested me. From that time onwards, therefore, every day there was something new to talk about, something to look forward to, as every evening there was a meeting of some kind as well as other opportunities for bringing me fully into the life of the camp. We were all, therefore, as one who has been repatriated from the camp has put it, in a letter which I have just read, "keyed up" to a very high point of interest, excitement, and exhilaration. This continued, of course, the whole of my visit, and I quite understood it; but I could not—though I tried sympathetically to do so—*fully* realize what the ordinary life of the camp had been, and would be after this great week was over.

What I want to try and do now, however, is partly to describe the social life as I saw it, and at the same time to give a fair impression of what it must be at ordinary times. One thing which struck me very much was that no one need be unoccupied, that everybody could find something pleasant or interesting or profitable to do, *if he chooses*. Opportunities for recreation and amusement, on the one hand, for study, and progress in all kinds of efficiency, scientific and artistic, on the other, abound; and yet I am sure that many are unoccupied, listless, uninterested, out of heart, and thoroughly depressed—some from time to time and others usually and always. The monotony—to me it would be deadly—of life under such circumstances, the constant thought of being deliberately kept out of all that makes life dear, not only for so long but also for such an indefinite time, must at times seem insupportable. Now and then I find myself being perfectly overwhelmed with

the thought of it myself. Let me, however, try and look on the brighter side of things and give some impression of the social life of the camp as I saw it. My readers will understand, I know, that I did see a little below the surface, and am full of ever-growing sympathy as I think of it.

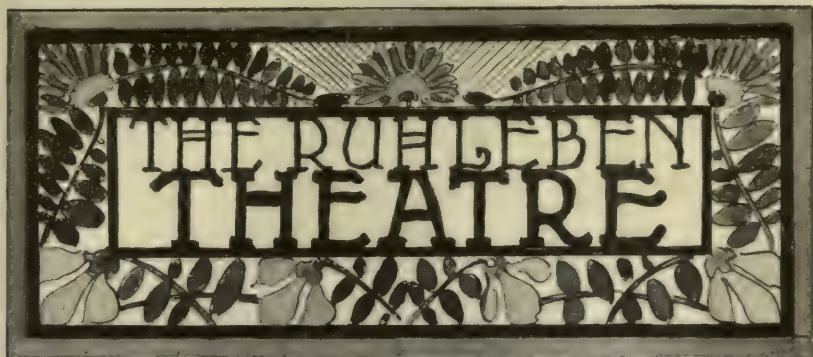
I have already described my sallying forth at a quarter to eight to breakfast with some little party specially arranged for the purpose, and then going on to the little church for a short service, which was my everyday experience, but the following is a good sample. I started off by visiting the dentist's department and finding out how he came to be there, looking with admiration at the way in which his little consulting-room was fitted up. Next I went on to the hair-cutting and shaving department, which was really like a little bit of London in appliances, but not with London prices, about $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ being charged for hair-cutting or a shave. Then I took a stroll down "Bond Street," looking in at the shop windows, though, as time was pressing I entered none. Then there were interviews with the men. In the afternoon I visited one or two of the barracks, finding those for the sailor lads and for the negroes specially interesting.

I had received a deputation of negroes, headed by a particularly fluent Barbadian, my first morning. I wish I could reproduce his eloquent address. Words never fail our fellow subjects from Barbados, or "Little England" as they call it. Amongst other things in the course of his very loyal effusion he asked me to pay them a visit in their barracks, and I was there to do it. When I was first a bishop my jurisdiction was in the province of the West Indies, and I was very familiar with our negro fellow

subjects, and had a tremendous regard and appreciation for their loyalty; so I was glad to see them in their special place and give them a little address of their own. One or two of them had been present the previous evening, and I had pleased the whole audience very much by quoting from a letter that I had at the close of 1915 from the West Indies. I will give the incident here. A former chaplain of ours at Cologne, now in Georgetown, British Guiana, still considers me in some sense his bishop, and so writes to me at least once a year. This is what he said:—

“We are full of interest, of course, in the present struggle, all longing to fulfil our part and do our duty. Every one here in this distant place is full of interest and of keenness. There are a thousand blacks leaving next week for Europe. They say cheerfully, ‘We know we shall all be killed; but we shall have crossed the ocean and seen London, S. Paul’s Cathedral, and Westminster Abbey; we shall have had six months’ training on Salisbury Plain, we shall have seen France, and perhaps a bit of Belgium, and joined in the war—and *it’s worth it!*’”

I looked in at the cinema exhibition from the lantern-room—a new experience the latter—and found it a most excellent show. It was a little German play called “Frida,” and of course the descriptions, letters which had to be read, and so on, were all in that language. It was extremely well done and the audience most attentive. I then had a good look at the theatre, and really wondered what sort of an evening one could spend there. It is the large, narrow, long place under the grand-stand, and being narrow it would have been impossible to use it as a theatre except by making the stage of very unusual length. When I went



ANN

PRESENTED
BY THE PRODUCER
JOHN H. CORLESS

in to see it, all was very rough, and sitting accommodation very imperfect, and one could form not the very least approach to an idea of how different it would be in the evening. As I have said, men take their own seats, which makes all the difference to the appearance of the house before the performance. They are all booked beforehand for a dramatic performance, and so there is no unnecessary waiting in a queue. The performance is repeated, of course, and every one has a chance of seeing it. I don't suppose that I shall ever forget my evening in that wonderful place.

On the Wednesday of my arrival, when the camp captain was discussing things and the formation of one's programme, he had said :—

“ The dramatic society are very anxious you should go to the theatre one night towards the end of the week and see a performance, but I want to tell you that they are a little disturbed about it because they fear you may think it not a fitting play for a bishop to see, though I for my part can see no harm in it.”

I said, “ What is it ? ”

He replied, “ It is called, ‘ Ann,’ and certainly ‘ Ann ’ does some very odd things. Then there is ‘ a Very Reverend the Dean ’ too, of whom you may not approve.”

I said at once, “ Now let your minds be perfectly at ease. I shall be very glad indeed to come, and I can sit quite comfortably and happily through any play that the men here will put upon the stage. I don't mind, indeed, what it is, if only I may have the last word and ten minutes' straight talk at the end of it.”

This gave great satisfaction, I believe, because the men

felt really unable at a short notice to rehearse and prepare another performance, and "Ann" was running at the time. I can only describe the whole evening as one of the most wonderful I have ever had. Two visitors had come in from Berlin, and I was only able to get into my seat at the exact time, and just as they were ready for the overture to begin. The place was filled to its utmost capacity. The stage was beautifully draped, and, as I have said, very long; the members of the large orchestra were all in their places, the conductor ready to begin. A seat had been prepared for me with one or two friends in the centre at the back. At 5.30 the producer of the play stepped forward and said:—

"Gentlemen, when the curtain falls please keep your seats, as the bishop will come upon the stage and speak to us for ten minutes."

A very hearty round of applause greeted this announcement. The overture then began, Offenbach's "La Belle Helene," which I had not heard since the days of my youth, and which was magnificently played. Then the curtain rose—a drawing-room scene, with shaded lights and beautiful furniture all made by the men. It might have been a bit of Mayfair, and not the lower part of Ruhleben grandstand. My neighbour on the right, a graduate of Oxford—Christ Church—though a German, visiting the camp for the evening, exclaimed:—

"Wonderful!"

The play began and went on its way. I won't attempt to describe it beyond saying that it was beautifully and artistically performed; that "Ann," played by Mr. Goodhind, who is termed the *prima donna* of Ruhleben, was a most

attractive personality and wonderfully attired, although "she" never changed "her" white satin evening dress, even for the day scenes, except by putting an outdoor jacket over it, the gentlemen in the play changing into morning dress. The "Very Reverend the Dean" was certainly not the type that we want to see leading us in these days of national calls to repentance and hope; but still he was human, and at the critical moment his humanity showed itself. There were scenes too which some people would consider wanting in delicacy, though others, less censorious, might regard them, as I did, as mere boyish and healthy-minded fun. There were no infidelities or other offences against one's moral sense, but still there was a feeling everywhere, I think, that something needed to be said just to clear the air; and as I walked on to the stage amid most encouraging cheers, and shook hands with all the caste, with a special word or two for "Ann," and turned round to look at my great audience, I felt a tremendous sense of responsibility for that ten minutes' talk. On the one hand, I had to remember, and that above all, that I was speaking as a servant and minister of CHRIST, and yet I wanted them to feel at the same time all the intensity of my sympathy with these their lighter moments as well as with their more serious views of life.

I began by telling them that I was glad they had not changed their play, that they just allowed me to come amongst them, taking them as I found them, and that, at any rate, whatever else might be said about the play, we could all of us honestly say that it had left no "bad taste" behind it. Their ringing cheers at once assured me that we were at one, and without going further into our straight talk together—for it is a matter between myself and them—

I would only say here that it was *quite straight*, and an appeal as earnest as I could make it for the wholesome, pure, and clean in amusements, as in every other experience in life, and a warning against that in which people often see no harm, but which is coarsening to the fibre, and defiling and besmirching to the moral sense. I claimed for the pure-minded men that real strength which is the glory of true manhood:—

“ My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.”

Almost before I had said that I had never closed an evening amongst them without a blessing, every man was on his feet to receive it. I wonder where a bishop could have such a privilege as that; sitting through a play full of interest and yet with equivocal positions in it, and then being invited to go on the stage and, with all the company about him, allowed to speak fully just what was in his heart and mind, with an absolute assurance that every one present was ready to listen respectfully, sympathetically, and encouragingly to what he had to say, and then be anxious to receive his blessing! If it was possible at Ruhleben, I do not see why it should not be possible everywhere else. I am told that more than once the next day it was said that the one thing in the whole evening they would not like to have missed was the blessing with which it concluded; and one of them, writing to his father, says: “ It seemed as natural as if we were in the habit of being blessed after every theatre performance. Every man sprang to his feet, and nobody thought it extraordinary.” My young Berlin friend wrote

RUHLBEN FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION

TO WELCOME AND HONOUR

BISHOP BURY

GRAND EXHIBITION MATCH

SATURDAY NOV 25th

AT 2 PM

THE BISHOP WILL KICK OFF

BLOOMERS XI

WOLSTENHOLME'S XI

to me next day, and said: "I shall never forget as long as I live yesterday afternoon. My only feeling is this—I have enjoyed a privilege which many of my countrymen have deserved so much more than I." Mr. Minot, of the United States Embassy, was also present at the play, and said, as he walked back with me to my room, that it had been a wonderful evening, and that he too would never forget it.

Another delightful experience was the grand exhibition football match. Mr. Pentland had asked me, on my return from the Kriegsministerium on the Wednesday, if I would be able to be present on the following Saturday, when Mr. Steve Bloomer, well known in the football world, would get up two teams and play himself. I was only too happy to agree, and even consented to kick off. The illustration, with its horse-shoe for good luck, will show how very ready the men were to welcome me. Notices appeared in different parts of the camp, and I was soon asked by the German staff what "The bishop will kick off" meant. "You will surely be very much knocked about, won't you?" said they with some concern; but when I told them that it was merely to set the ball going they were reassured. When the day came, however, they were all carefully looking on from the window of their mess-room, and I fear they feel to this day that I rather let down the dignity of the Anglican Episcopate on that occasion.

It was a great day—perfect weather, beautiful blue sky flecked with white clouds and sunshine—with nearly every man in the camp present. The play was very fast and very excellent, for the teams were wonderfully matched. Steve Bloomer was said to distinguish himself even beyond his usual form, and some of the younger players who had

been taken off ships played with remarkable zest and rapidity. At half-time only one goal had been kicked, and that by Bloomer; and after I had left, a goal was secured by his opponents, which brought the match to a very even and satisfactory end. The names of the teams are given.

I then went on to a Chamber Music Concert, specially prepared for me, in one of the lofts. It was an extraordinary scene. The space was large, but the roof low, and though it was the middle of a particularly bright afternoon there was no light except that which came by means of electric accumulators just over each instrumentalist's position. I noticed a magnificent piano as I made my way in the gloom to a seat prepared for me, and as soon as my eye was accustomed to the semi-obscurity I saw some very fine engravings, brought like the piano from Mr. Ferguson's room in Berlin, and as I took my seat I found that the German doctor of the camp, Herr Zeiger, was next to me. The programme was, if I remember rightly, entirely German, from the works of Brahms and others, and, as was so often the case, made one feel that one could not possibly be in a Ruhleben loft but either in one of the capitals of Europe at one of their best concerts, or in a dream. Mr. Ferguson told me a great deal of his own experiences which space does not permit me to describe, and also of his discovery of a Russian voice which I was to hear in the evening, and gave me one of the most delightful vocal and instrumental concerts I have had in my wandering life abroad.

I cannot attempt in any way to express how thoroughly I enjoyed getting into the social life of Ruhleben in the

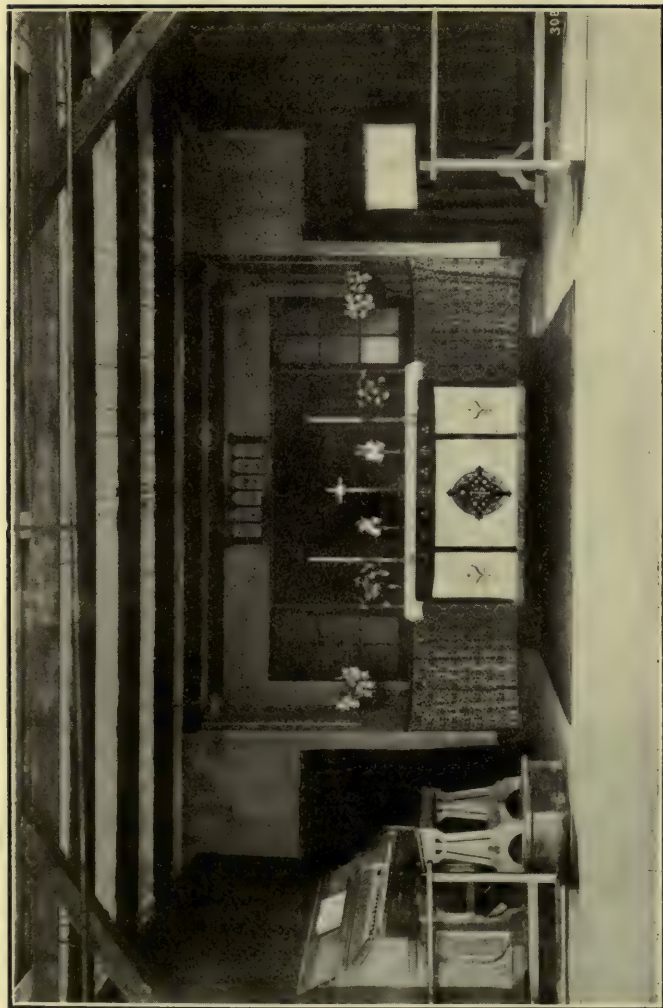
breakfast, tea, and supper parties. I saw in this way what the life of the loft or the box was at ordinary times; and, though the meals were of a special character and the parties not those of ordinary times, yet I could not but think that it must be far better that the men should have their own meals in their own quarters rather than sit down in huge dining-halls. At Groningen, in Holland, they sat down together in the three large buildings called respectively Hawke, Collingwood, and Benbow. Meals in common have been tried in some of the internment camps in our own country. They have not been tried at Ruhleben, of course, and I think that it helps to keep up the sense of individuality and personality to have something that seems like a home of their own, and, above all, a place where they can be comparatively quiet. One of those who have written home, and part of whose letter came on to me, said, "The bishop, I know, looked upon us as he would on ordinary people at a breakfast, while I looked at him with a strange sense of its being a dream to have him there rather than a reality."

But he was mistaken as far as I was concerned. I remember the occasion perfectly well, and how—as at so many other times—I was thinking to myself again and again during that meal, "They are all together this morning to receive me. How different it must be when they are alone, how trying the unchanging monotony of it with always the same food, always the same place, always the same people present, and *never alone*, never quiet, never one bit of change."

In one sense, therefore, the very expression "Social Life" is a misnomer, because it must be evident to my readers

that in such a varied community of all ages, experience, education, positions in life, the tendency will be to multiply little cliques and sets composed of those of kindred taste; but the wonderful way in which our British nationality has asserted itself and persisted and, under the most repressive and restricting influences that could be brought to bear upon it, has developed a very real sense of a corporate life, a common cause, a common hope, a common sense of resolution and determination, a common identity of interest, a common sense of trying to live up to a certain standard—and that a high one—leaves me for one, at least, in no doubt at all that there is at Ruhleben the very best type of a real social life.






THE CHAPEL.

CHAPTER VI

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE

T is very significant of the reality and strength of the religious life at Ruhleben that I became conscious of it immediately, without having to wait until Sunday. I was anxious on my part to get to know the men, and gain their confidence by entering into the ordinary life of the camp before I had to speak to them for God and minister to them spiritually on Sunday in the services; but on the very first day of my arrival, when Mr. Ketchum came to see me, almost as soon as the camp captain, I became most thankfully conscious of the true and strong Christian life and witness that there is amongst the men.

One of my first interviews was with the Y.M.C.A. Executive, for that is how those that I cannot but call, though they would not, the religious leaders, describe themselves. The centre of all religious gatherings and the place for services is, as I have already, I hope, made clear, the Y.M.C.A. Hut, and therefore they take those familiar letters, quite rightly, to distinguish the executive, for they do form a Young Men's Christian Association, including all the members of religious bodies in the camp except the Roman Catholics. I wish personally that it included them, and that we had a complete Men's Christian Association.

My interview with the executive was very short on that occasion, as there was so very much to be got through that afternoon; but in the evening the usual Y.M.C.A. service was given up, and I was allowed to have the whole evening to myself, though I wished it to take the usual form of being opened with extempore prayer, taken by Mr. Howard, the reading of a portion of Scripture, and the usual hymns.

Next day, after Morning Prayer, in the course of my interviews, I found there was a strong and very sturdy Scottish sailor who wished to be baptized, and I undertook his preparation. Before the morning was over I found that a man was regretting that he had not been confirmed, and so that evening in my address I described a very inspiring Confirmation when last with our Naval Division, and said if any found themselves moved there during my visit to come out for GOD and profess CHRIST before men and enter upon the full membership of His Church in Confirmation I should be very happy to undertake their instruction as best I could and to give them a Confirmation before leaving, adding that I was sure they would never regret it, but thank GOD for the step they had taken as long as they lived. The result of this was that I soon had thirteen men under instruction, one for Baptism and twelve for Confirmation, and, though the time of the preparation was short, I have never been more satisfied with the sincerity, reality, and faith of candidates for Confirmation.

Daily we had Morning Prayer. Daily I was in communication with some of the men deeply interested in the religious possibilities of the camp. Nightly I had them

about me as I spoke to the men. Every evening ended with an appeal for GOD in CHRIST in some way or another, and everything always ended with a blessing. I do not think there was any doubt in any man's mind, young or old, as to what was chiefly in my mind in coming amongst them, and I was more touched than I can at all describe when one of my friends, writing to me this very week just as I am going to press, said of a rough lad whose confidence I am so happy to think that I had gained: "He will soon love Him Whom you serve." That was what I wanted above all—and I was conscious of it every hour I spent amongst them—to help them nearer to Him Whom I not only was seeking to serve in being there, but felt with very deep conviction that it was He Who had sent me there. I am in no doubt now either that such is the firm conviction also of those in the camp who serve Him also.

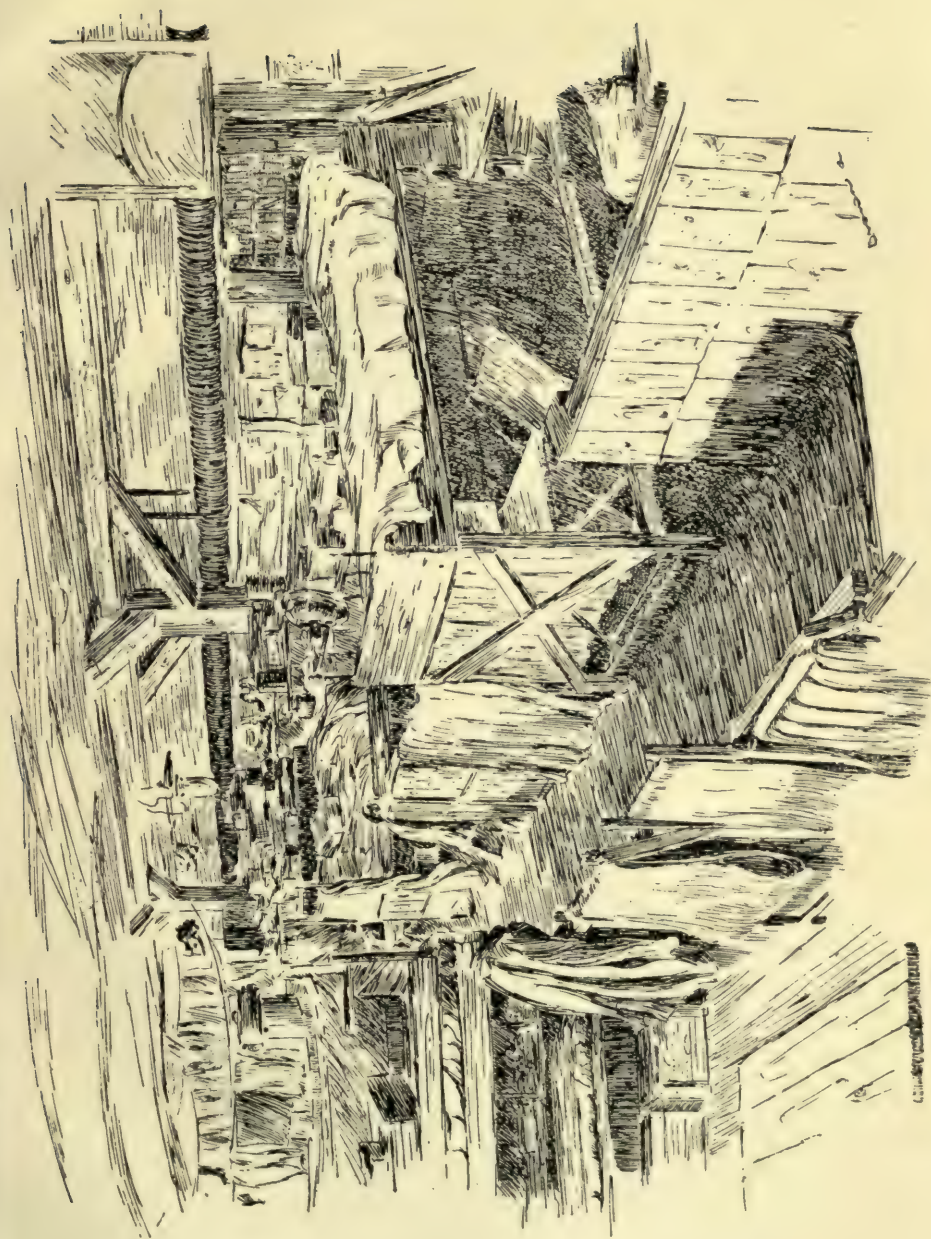
On the Saturday, after our evening meeting and the roll-call was over, we had a gathering in the little sanctuary for preparation for Holy Communion, and the reality, sincerity, and devotion of that gathering made me full of hope and expectation for the services of the following day, and I was not disappointed.

We began at eight o'clock with Holy Communion, and had even more communicants than at the previous Easter. We were only just able to get clear before the men arrived to prepare the altar for the Roman Catholic service which was to follow. As they came in and were introduced to me I did rejoice to think that there was something approaching unity in that camp, that practically there were only two sets of services during the day, and that those attending them used the same place and sanctuary for their

worship. It was in spirit to me, even if not in letter, "kneeling at the same altar of God together, and all eating the same spiritual Meat and all drinking the same spiritual Drink."

We had Morning Service at half-past ten with an excellent congregation, when I spoke to them on the lines taken in our own National Mission for Repentance and Hope at home, especially dwelling, as I have done throughout my own jurisdiction, on the importance of prayer at this time. In the afternoon at 3.30 we had a vast congregation, with every available place taken and men standing as usual about the doors. It was Evensong, followed by the Confirmation. I made the sermon my chief appeal to the life of the camp, appealing first to their manhood, and next for God. I have seldom felt that I got my message so well home. Then came the object-lesson to enforce it all in our Confirmation. No one present thought of leaving, and I felt how truly they would respond when I told them I was depending on their real spiritual co-operation, especially in the short space kept for silence, that they might pray for the men who were to be confirmed, and give them what I could only describe as "a real spiritual send-off." They did it, I know, to the very best of their power, and the men who were confirmed felt it.

The Y.M.C.A. Hut, used, of course, for all purposes of recreation, although personally I regret that smoking is not allowed, as it is the only place, apart from the theatre, of public assembly, is of the greatest possible use, and very well adapted for its purpose. During ordinary times there is a partition at the platform end, separating it from a little sanctuary which will hold fifty or sixty people, where the



INTERIOR OF BARRACK TWELVE.
(From the *Camp Magazine*.)

altar stands, properly and reverently fitted up, where Matins is said daily, and other services for prayer and intercession are held. The separating partition is taken down on Sundays, and a large church is provided in this way. At the Confirmation the men made their profession, which I asked them, according to my custom abroad, to do separately, standing down below, and then coming up they knelt singly in the middle of the platform before the altar to be confirmed. I am sure their sincerity and the beauty and perfect simplicity of our apostolic service made a very great impression; and I have no doubt whatever that if I am permitted, as I hope I shall be, to go again, I shall have another and much larger Confirmation.

In the evening I followed the usual custom of the Y.M.C.A. on Sunday evenings, and had an informal service without robes, conducting it myself, with hymns, extempore prayer, and a portion of Scripture; and then gave my last sermon to the men, if sermon it could be called, as it followed the usual lines of informality which I had adopted in every talk with them. I took no text, but spoke first to them of Thankfulness as one of the great objects of Christian worship—"My duty to God is to worship Him and give Him thanks." Next we went on to Fellowship as another object in our worship—my duty to my fellow men being to worship *with* them and realize that we who say "Our FATHER" ought to feel that we are His children and brethren together. Next we had Witness, and the duty laid upon us not to put our light under a bushel or a bed, but upon a candlestick, that those entering in may see the light; and I told them for their encouragement, supporting it by instances I have known, that we give our

spiritual contribution to others, and our witness too, not nearly so much by what we say or what we do as by what we *are*. Next came Consecration, and finally Communion, the latter as the greatest help we can ever have in our Christian service, as, when CHRIST entered in to Peter's wife's mother and took her by the hand, she arose and *ministered* to them.

There were moments during that wonderful Sunday when I felt that appeals had gone home in such a way as I had never known before in all my experience of teaching or preaching, and I shall ever feel grateful for having had the most responsive body of men that any one with a message to give could possibly desire to have.

Part of the following day, Monday, was given up, of course, to preparing the newly confirmed for their first Communion, and we had our Celebration at half-past seven on the Tuesday, the day of my departure, when there were again about fifty communicants. In the afternoon I had to take leave of the sacristans, four in number—splendid fellows I thought them, though they will deprecate my saying so if they come to read these words—the members of the choir, and others, and finally of the executive. It was not till then that I learnt the full character of the influences which have been at work. I knew how it had steadily grown during the time that had been spent there, and had said in the afternoon of Sunday, “How true it is, my brothers, that small beginnings make great endings, and that little seeds result in great growths, as our LORD said. It is not two years ago since a little grain of mustard-seed was sown in the ground here by three or four men saying, ‘It’s Sunday to-day; let’s have Morning Prayer

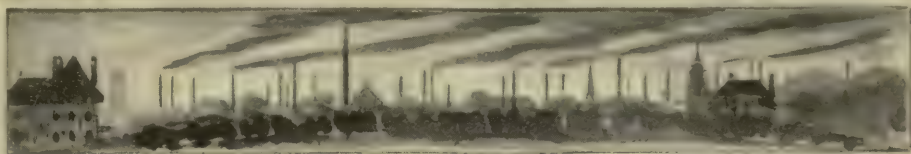
together in our box!' And these great services we are having now are the spreading branches which have grown from it, and are growing still."

I knew all this, of course, but not till that Tuesday afternoon, and just before I left, did I understand how sure, strong, and encouraging had been that growth. The executive read out for me a statement they had made, describing the lines on which they had been moving in their daily gatherings for prayer, the books they had read in their study circles, the way in which they had kept steadily to the real thing, namely, knowing GOD in JESUS CHRIST Whom He has sent, their plans and prospects for the future—all this was described for me in simple, earnest, manly language, and as I listened and looked at their faces, so tense and so expressive of the reality of their feelings, I could only say to myself, "If there is this spirit and this vision in other camps where our fellow countrymen are imprisoned—and I have no reason to doubt it—there is a very real spiritual contribution to be made to our *Church life*, using those words in their fullest and most comprehensive sense, at home when the men come back." It will really, I felt to myself, be new wine, and will not need new bottles, but be just what we want to put into the old bottles that we have had so long, and of which we shall be led, I believe, to see that the new wine in them is not spilled, nor the bottles themselves marred, but both preserved.

I shall not seem, I hope, in any way to have disparaged the men—Americans—who have come from the German Branch of the Y.M.C.A. to help on the religious life of the camp, and who have been the means of supplying

the Y.M.C.A. Hut, and giving their sympathy and support, in dwelling rather upon the way in which our men themselves in the camp have begun, fostered, and promoted their own religious life. I am gratefully conscious of all that Mr. Conrad Hoffmann and others—Americans of the Berlin Y.M.C.A.—have done; and it was a matter of regret that I could not go and call upon them; but I really grudged every minute that I had to spend away from the men themselves, and should hardly have felt justified in going to Berlin, *even if I had been allowed by the War Office to do so*. This, however, was not allowed me. I know that if any members of Berlin Y.M.C.A. read what I have said they will rejoice in it all, for it is not their wish, I know, to make the work in any way dependent upon them, but to make it in every way self-supporting and self-contained.

Still less, in giving the credit that I can to the men themselves for having developed their own religious life—they will do it still more yet, please God—can I pass over Mr. Williams's absolutely priceless, self-denying, and valuable services. He was Chaplain at S. George's, Berlin, when the war broke out; and while all the other clergy in the empire were expelled, and had to leave everything behind them—their churches, homes, furniture, work, income, little balances in the bank, if they had any, even clothing, only having in most cases sufficient to carry in a handbag across the frontier.—Mr. Williams was allowed to remain on at his post. Sir Edward Goschen has told me how he offered him a place in his own train when he and the staff and others were coming away, and the government had placed one specially



VIEW OF THE CITY FROM THE Y.M.C.A. HUT.



E. HOLDEN, RAINIER, WA.

Y.M.C.A. BUILDING.

THE Y.M.C.A. HUT.

(From the back of an address presented to the Bishop.)

at their service. "But," he said, "he refused to leave his post, as I expected he would, and said he should remain there as long as there were people requiring his ministrations."

I am told also that the Emperor said that his mother's church must not be closed as long as there was any one to conduct its services. St. George's, Berlin, therefore, has been kept open all the time, and has provided services, deeply valued, for Americans, for English wives of Germans, for the children of these mixed marriages who have been confirmed there, and others—an important congregation. In addition to these services he has gone all over Germany, except Bavaria, visiting the different camps, and giving them services. I do not know myself how he has been able to do it. As I have read accounts of his journeys they have seemed to me to be almost superhuman, and in a sense I feel sure they have been, and that he could not have done his work without the special help and grace which GOD has given him. He has been quite invaluable and most deeply appreciated at Ruhleben. Every other Sunday he gives them Holy Communion at half-past seven, and either a morning or afternoon service, with a sermon. I cannot attempt to describe the testimony that has been given from so many different places to the value and help and encouragement he has given men in different places by his visits and services. This is what is said in a letter from Ruhleben at the end of the week, five days after I left:—

"To-morrow Mr. Williams comes twice. We have all grown to love him for his brave, cheerful, and selfless spirit."

This is a testimony from another camp, Rennbahn, near Munster:—

“ Mr. Williams is a visitor who requires no introduction to our community. His flying visits are memorable. His genial personality, his strikingly original sermons, rich in current anecdote and delivered with that particular humour which appeals especially to ‘Tommy,’ have made him a universal favourite. It is needless to add that our newly decorated church was crowded to overflowing. All joined whole-heartedly in the stirring hymns, and followed with keen interest his inspiring sermon. Any one who may have entertained any gloomy thoughts found them dispelled as by magic in his presence, and each one left fortified and strengthened by the assurance that the passing cloud, already becoming less dense, was revealing abundant signs of a clearer and brighter day. At the conclusion a Celebration of the Holy Communion followed, which was attended by about three dozen.”

At the close of his own letter, written after my visit, he says: “I have always found it a joy to be with my brothers who are all animated by the same spirit.”

He, like so many others, had not been told about my visit, and was away close to the Russian frontier when I arrived, and only able to come and visit me on the Saturday morning. I was glad, however, to have such an opportunity of conferring with him, though we found the time all too short, and just for an hour or two enabling him to feel that he was not quite alone. I could not but feel, as we talked together, how intense was the strain of which he must be ever conscious. I do not suppose that he has had a moment since the declaration of war when

he was free from it; and I should say myself that he is really perilously near the breaking-point, though we trust that strength will still be given him to the end. It has made me, however, all the more pressingly urge the German War Office to allow me to send a chaplain to Ruhleben and so ease him of that part of his responsibility.

My readers will see, therefore, that I deeply value and appreciate the real spiritual help that he has given to our men at Ruhleben from outside; but yet I cannot but deeply value also the way in which the men themselves, as in so many other ways, have developed and promoted their own corporate and personal Christian life, and brought themselves and all they could influence ever more closely into touch with their fellow men and nearer to God. Mr. J. Davidson Ketchum, a Canadian tremendously respected by every one, was of the greatest possible use to me all the time I was in Ruhleben, as he has been since in correspondence in connection with the religious life of the camp; and I am glad indeed to have come to know and esteem him and make him my friend.

Mr. Kemp, who is a licensed Lay Reader in the Diocese of London, and was working at our Seamen's Institute at Hamburg when the War came, had a long imprisonment in a solitary cell—having done nothing to deserve it—before he came to Ruhleben. He has conducted Services regularly, and has a large Bible class. He was the first to see me when I looked out on arrival, and one of the last to say good-bye, and gave me every help during my visit. There is a Roman Catholic priest interned, and he came to call upon me, and, with all his people, was most friendly.

CHAPTER VII

BLANKENBURG



AFTER my few days spent entirely in the camp it was quite exciting to get up on Monday, the 27th, and feel that I had a visit to the officers imprisoned at Blankenburg before me. That morning, as usual, I went out to breakfast, and this time it was with the seven "Old Etonians," who met in the quarters of one of their number, though they themselves were scattered about in different parts of the camp. They included Mr. Kearley, son of Lord Devonport; Mr. Belmont, who had been the leading character at the play the previous Friday; Mr. Kindersley, son of one of the present house-masters; Messrs. Balfour, Dormer, Pemberton, and Phillip, well known to present Etonians and university dons. They were indeed a delightful party. As I went in—this is a characteristic breakfast experience—cooking was going on just outside the loft in the best Eton style, and buttered eggs and bacon were being appetizingly fried. We began, of course, with porridge, following on with the dish I have just mentioned, and finishing up with marmalade and jam, excellent bread-and-butter, and, of course, coffee. Everything was extraordinarily well done, though, of course, I know they would be making a special effort for their guest.



—TO BE RELEASED !

(From the Camp Magazine.)

"How did you like the buttered eggs?" inquired one.

"I thought them excellent," said I; and then was much astonished at being told that they were "shredded eggs," and came out in a tin in dried form. They were all very keen and tremendously interested in everything one had to tell them, and on learning that I was going to Eton to talk to the boys about the war and Russia in the following week, charged me with all sorts of messages. One was to the school, in which I was to express their admiration for Eton's effort during the war, and to say in their name "*Floreat Etona!*" Then there was a message for Their Majesties, an assurance of their unfaltering loyalty, and a wish that it could be more actively expressed,—which, of course, I have since given with much pleasure, though there was no more pleasure, I am sure, in my delivery of the message than in its reception at Buckingham Palace.

That morning the Kommandant of Berlin came to call upon me at ten o'clock. I had been duly informed of his intention, and was ready for him. He was a most distinguished officer, and in addition what one could only call a courtly old gentleman. The young Baron de Kleydorff accompanied him, very smartly turned out in Hussar uniform, wearing a wonderful cap of fur. They were both as cordial and as courteous as they could possibly be, and the baron told me, with evident satisfaction, that he was to be my escort on the return journey, and would come into the camp for me in the evening before I started.

A little before twelve the Kriegsministerium's car appeared with an official of high rank, and, accompanied by the official interpreter, we set forth. It was very interesting and exciting to enter Berlin by the famous

Brandenburg Gate and pass along Unter den Linden. My companions drew my attention, as we passed, though I was looking out for it myself, to the British Embassy in the Wilhelmstrasse, where I have always stayed in Berlin. There is a little suite of rooms that has been known for many years as "the bishop's suite," because both I and my predecessor have been accustomed to find a welcome there. The French Embassy and the Russian Embassy were duly pointed out, and anything else that my companions thought of interest, although that part of Berlin was extremely familiar to me. There were not very many people in the streets (but then, of course, it was twelve o'clock), and I was conscious of just the same serious and wistful look on every one's face that meets me always as I pass through the streets of Paris, but that one never or hardly ever sees in London.

Blankenburg is a little suburb of Berlin: and the camp for a number of British, French, and Russian officers is a large and excellently-situated sanatorium. There could hardly be, therefore, any better place for prisoners of war. The buildings are large and substantial, the rooms are good, though I was not able, as at Ruhleben, to visit any of the officers' own quarters, nor did I see those of the French or Russians at all. We had a hasty luncheon, and then I was shown at once to the British officers' quarters. I should have loved, of course, to have lunched with them, but had to follow out the arrangements made for me, and was very glad to be able to join them without any loss of time. There are twenty of them, I believe; but, owing to their not having been able to know definitely that I was coming, only twelve were to be found, and they were:

Captains MacLean (Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders), Luther of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, Robin Grey of the Grenadier Guards, Connel Rowan (Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders), Houldsworth (Gordon Highlanders), Graham Watson (Royal Scots), Icke (Lancashire Regiment); J. J. Swain (Somerset Light Infantry), Henderson (West York Regiment), and Grover (Royal Naval Division). They were indeed "goodly men to look to," especially Captain Connel Rowan, who was a very fine specimen of manhood, looking extremely well in his Highland dress. They were all very well turned out as to uniform, and apparently in good spirits. Of course this might be owing to their having a visitor, and the thoughts of home and country and friends that it had brought to them; but they certainly were very cheerful company. We met in their mess-room, and I was accompanied still by the War Office official, our own official interpreter, and the Blankenburg official interpreter. They never left us, but I for one felt their presence to be no restraint upon our conversation. I did my best, as at Ruhleben, to hearten them in every way that I could. I spoke perfectly freely to them, and told them some of the things I had already said to the interned, and said how gladly I would answer any of their questions. Some one at once asked:—

"What should we find most changed in England if we came home now?"

I thought for a few moments, and then replied:—

"Well, first you would find everything changed as you came along by rail. Tents and temporary buildings on all sides, and the whole country looking like one great camp."

Their eyes sparkled.

"Secondly, the darkened streets would surprise you. You can't at all realize what this means, especially in places in the country. I think, for instance, of York and Lincoln, and the way I have groped at night round that old Minster and the ancient Cathedral. It is far darker, I should fancy, than in the Middle Ages, for then there were corner lamps and people carrying links and lights, but now it is extremely difficult to find your way, and even in London at nights it is not without danger to be out."

Here some one interpolated, "Is it true that Regent Street is destroyed, and S. Pancras being gradually rebuilt, and S. Paul's Cathedral seriously damaged?"

"No, it's not true that any of those calamities have been experienced. Thirdly, you would be surprised if you came home now to find women everywhere—in the banks, on the motor-buses, at railway stations, taking tickets, etc., to take you up and down at Army and Navy Stores, driving motor-cars in the country, etc. In fact, they are everywhere; and again and again at Confirmations I have reminded my girl candidates how the whole womanhood of our country is doing things 'manfully,' just as it is promised that they should do at their Baptism."

We chatted and joked about many things, and I told them all the funny stories I could think of, just as I had done in camp, and as freely. The one which amused them most was a scene given us in *Punch*, and headed, "Conscientious Objector." Two men are bearing a stretcher, on which lies a man covered with a rug, his features all pursed up, and looking as if he had been down in the very depths. The men carrying him are looking rather quizzical, and the receiving officer much surprised.



My Favourite Nightmare '!

(From the Camp Magazine.)

"What's this?" he asks. "Shock, sir," they reply. "Shock?" says he again. "Yes, sir—he was digging, and cut a worm in 'alf!" Talking of *Punch*, they never see it, or any other English paper, though one or two of them had had *Country Life* quite lately; and they do not see why illustrated papers should not be sent them. I wish they could. They would lighten their lot a great deal.

Time went on, and was all too short. I had hoped to have a real service with them, but was only able to have a few war prayers and then give them a blessing, the official interpreters and others standing with us. As I was accompanied to the door, one of them most kindly said:—

"You don't know what your visit has meant to us this afternoon. It has been like a breath of fresh air."

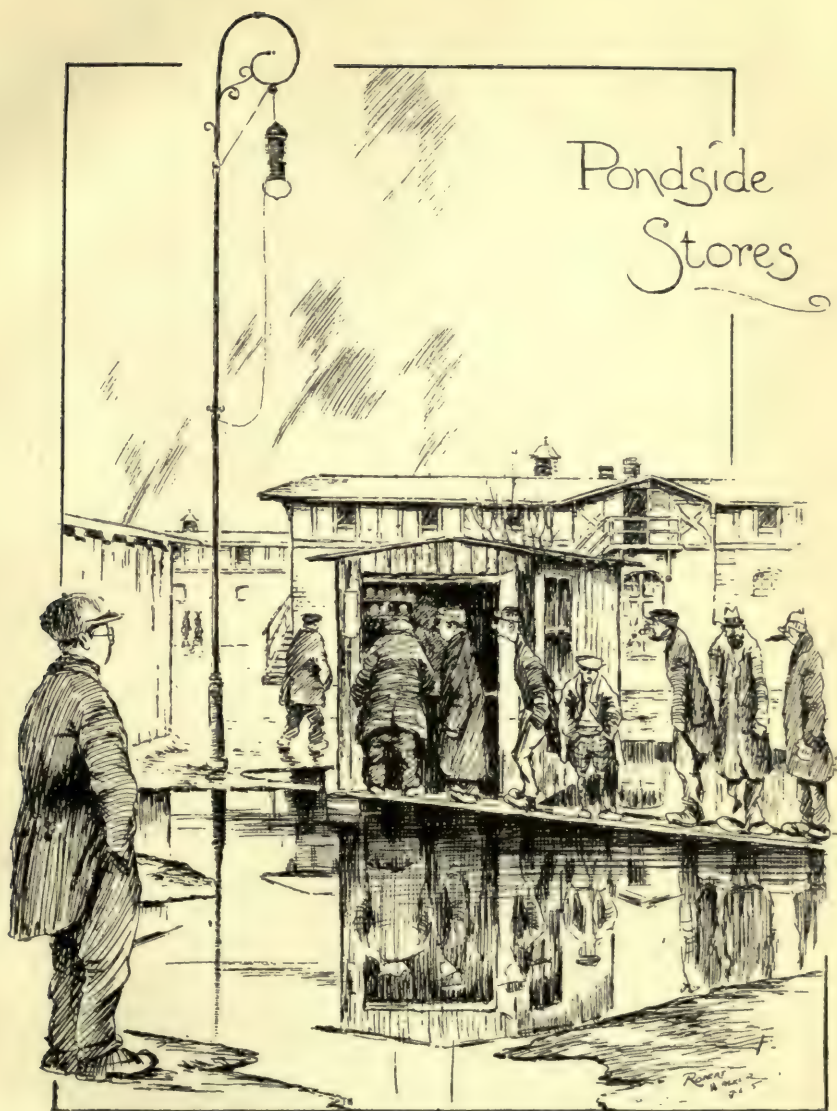
Poor fellows, they were taken shortly after Mons, and it must have been—I felt it so thankfully—a real joy to them to have some one straight from their own country, and to feel that he was going back again at once, a kind of real link and assurance to them that they were not forgotten, and that the time would duly come when they too would return home.

The Blankenburg camp, I should fancy, though I have yet to see the others, is one of the best, and relations of those who are there need, I think, have no particular anxiety on their account. Everything is very well arranged, as far as I can judge. There are excellent gardens, where the officers do gardening work, and they can go for walks into a neighbouring park on parole. I saw the arrangements made for parole. Each officer has a card entrusted to him, and on it is stated that the giving of this card to the soldier on duty is looked upon as giving your word

that you will return. Parole, it may be well to explain, is an absolutely necessary regulation, for it is the bounden duty of a prisoner of war to try and escape *unless* he gives his word to the contrary.

I cannot forbear from giving here an extract from one of the officers' letters just received as I am sending this chapter to my publishers. He would not like me, I am sure, to give his name, though I feel sure he will not mind my quoting from his letter, for I should like my readers to get an idea thus of the spirit, not only of Blankenburg, but, I should fancy, of all the other camps. What one is feeling at this time others must be feeling also.

"I wish I could tell you how much pleasure your visit gave us, or how we speak of it and of you. We live behind a curtain which shuts off from us all sound and sight of the world. Yesterday you lifted the corner of the curtain, and let in a little of the light of life. At the same time, such a visit as yours, coming so unexpectedly, had rather the same effect as of a strong light flashed in the face of a man who has long been in the dark. It was almost bewildering, and now we regret that we allowed ourselves to be bewildered. We keep thinking of things, and saying to one another, 'Why didn't we ask the bishop this? What fools we are to have forgotten to tell him that.' We all felt most grateful, and in quite a personal way, for the kind message you gave us from the King and Queen—that they should remember and think of us has deeply touched every one of us. What we regret most, I think, is that we had not asked you to take back a definite message of gratitude and loyalty and devotion. However, I believe you will have realized that these feelings



(From the Camp Magazine.)

are in us, and perhaps you have put them into words for us. We would have liked in such a message to have shown that we keep cheerful always; that nothing has ever for a moment affected our confidence that the end will be the end we all desire; that the thought that hurts the most is that we are useless at such a time, and that the hope that inspirits us the most is that still when the war is over there will be work for us to do."

I arrived back again just before six, and so was able to fulfil my engagement for my last evening with the men in their Hut. It had been put down for 6.30, but had been qualified by the words "If he can return from Blankenburg in time;" and our subject that evening was to be, like a book I have just published, *Here and There in the War Area*. Quite early that morning, about half-past eight, I think, I had seen the queue already formed for the evening, for when there are 3,600 men, and the Hut, strained to its utmost extent, will only accommodate 1,000, it is clear that many who want to be there will have to be disappointed. The queue is composed of chairs only, and the owners take them at six o'clock and carry them into the Hut for their seats. They have to go without them, of course, during the day. That evening will always be good to recall, and I feel sure that it will always be remembered by those who were there as one of the very best that they spent in their camp. I had told the Etonians in the morning that they must be sure to be there, as I had a great surprise in store for them.

At half-past six our proceedings began. I told them all sorts of things that have come my way as I have gone about the war area this year and last, just as I should have told them to my own countrymen in this country; and every-

thing was received with the keenest interest and attention. They were more responsive than ever, and that is saying a good deal. Again I told them all the little stories I could think of, including the "cutting of the worm in 'alf"; but the one that pleased them most was an incident, one of many similar ones, in the front line. One day in the earlier part of last year a German on the other side suddenly shot up above the top, showing himself down to his waist. It was not considered the game, under such circumstances, to fire, as it was concluded he had something to say. He called out in rather a doleful tone:—

"I say, over there—are you not tired of all this firing? We are sick of it over here."

No voice went back in reply. Again he called out in the same melancholy tone:—

"I say—don't shoot over there any more to-day, and we won't; let's have a bit of quiet."

Again no reply from the British trench. Then in a more miserable tone still he called out:—

"I have a wife and five children in London."

Then at last a reply went back in a strong North-country strident tone:—

"You put down your 'ed, or else there will be a widow and five children in London!"

After I had been talking about an hour and a half, and in that close and tense atmosphere was feeling it was about time to leave off, as a quarter-past eight was roll-call, and was preparing to draw to a close, the camp captain cheerfully called out:—

"There's no roll-call to-night, so you can go on as long as you please."

It then occurred to me that they might like to ask questions, and for nearly an hour I had the most lively time I have ever had. I told them it was like being a candidate for Parliament and being heckled, though their questions were very much to the point, and I was glad to answer them to the best of my power. Then came the event of the evening. The camp captain, seeing that I was ready to close, suddenly ran in on a string the British flag, and no one who was there will ever forget those cheers. Then, stepping forward, I launched my surprise:—

“And now, my brothers, you are to sing the old song that goes with it.”

A chord or two from the piano, and then they were all on their feet for the first time, singing “God Save the King!” There had been no time to suggest that it might be courteous in return for the permission not to sing the second verse. They were very excited, almost out of hand, and one could not have done such a thing if one had wished; but my heart certainly warmed towards them when they went straight from the first to the third, and with real delicacy left the second out. Next day I took care to tell all this to the German staff. “I should like you,” I said, “to know what gentlemen my countrymen are. They felt it was courteous to omit that second verse last night, even amid all the excitement of singing their national anthem for the first time.”

“The first and third verses,” some one said, “are purely personal, are they not?”

“Yes,” I answered, “they are purely personal in a sense; but we all sang ‘Send him victorious!’” They smiled indulgently. I then told them how freely and fully I had availed myself of the leave given me to

speaking of anything I liked that would hearten, cheer, and appeal to their patriotism. I told them also that we had had our jokes together, and laughed at the expense of Fritz and Ernst and others at the Front; "but," I added, "there has been no malice in it. We should have laughed just as cheerfully if the jokes had told against our own countrymen. I don't want there to be anything to come out after I am gone," I said, "nor any suggestion made that I have ridiculed the enemy. I want you to know beforehand from my own lips anything that can be truthfully said, and that might seem, if I were not able to give the explanation, open to question. I have addressed my countrymen here as I would have addressed them in England, and have felt that this was the wish of the authorities of this country, and I am sure that it has done us all good."

These were my last words in the camp that night: "Now, my brothers, before I give you the blessing, I want you to take care that nothing shall be done or said to make those concerned, both in our own country and this, regret for one single moment that they have allowed me to come amongst you. I want them rather to be as happy and thankful for the visit as we are ourselves."

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ROBERT WALKER.

(From the Camp Magazine.)

CHAPTER VIII

LAST DAY AND RETURN



MY last day at Ruhleben began with Holy Communion for the newly-confirmed and others. We were about fifty; and then came breakfast in one of the boxes, followed by interviews with the men until the time came for me to visit the hospital, or Lazarette, as it is called, just outside the camp. That morning—it was a very dull and misty one—had been reserved for a photograph, but it was not very easy to get it. The official photographer, however, was in attendance, and took two, one of myself with the twelve men I had prepared and confirmed, and another one of myself, which the men wished to have, just in the act of giving them a blessing. I never had any meeting with them, except at the football match, which did not end with a blessing; and I think I should have been inclined to give the football players one—I am sure they would have been glad enough to have it—if I had not, as I have already said, had to come away at half-time. After the photography I went out to visit the hospital, which, as I have said, is just outside the camp. This is an excellent arrangement in one way, but brings it rather close to the railway, and that is not so good for the patients. All the arrangements of the hospital, however, are quite excellent, and the camp doctor is very popular indeed with the men. He doesn't

speak any English, but is an excellent medical man, thoughtful and attentive, and deservedly liked. The hospital captain is, of course, a countryman of our own, and I should say that everything is done for the men as we should wish it to be. There is no objection at all to those who desire it, either for dentistry or any other medical or surgical reason, going into Berlin for further advice or treatment.

I visited all the men, talked with them all, said a prayer or two, gave them a blessing, let them talk about their experiences, and received little messages for friends at home. One of our lay workers, Mr. Frank Dunsby, who has been in charge of the Seamen's Institute at Danzig for very many years, was there, and accompanied me into every room as a kind of chaplain. He has found the place very trying, as he has rather a weak chest, and is hoping to get back when the exchange for those over forty-five is carried out.

We had a most sumptuous meal that day at the mess, partly, I fancy, to speed the parting guest, and partly because the Hauptmann of the camp, who serves under the Kommandant and sub-Kommandant, had been made a captain that day. He had brought wine from his own cellar, and they made a very special effort in the menu; but I was not able myself to partake of the good things as freely as they would have liked me to do, and had to come away from the meal as soon as I possibly could to meet the censor and submit all the pieces of paper, notes, etc., that I wished to bring away with me. Nothing written may come out of the camp without his approval; but he must have trusted me implicitly, I think, for I had a vast mass of papers of different kinds; and, though they were all handed over

to him with only an hour or two in which to look them over, they were given back to me with the official stamp on every one of them, and nothing held back. I shall always be grateful to him for this kindness, because it has enabled me to give many little messages just in the words they were given me, or rather written down, to those who were longing to have them in this country.

I had tea and my last chat with the camp captain that day, and cannot but rejoice that the men have one of their own countrymen as their chief authority, and one who is so strong, competent, and determined to do all in his power to discharge his duties conscientiously and well. Interviews and little deputations of all kinds filled up to the very full my time—all too short—until seven o'clock. At that hour I met all the barrack captains to receive a signed address from them, and to be presented with a beautiful illuminated and engrossed address on very choice vellum—a real triumph of the engraver's and the illuminator's art—to the King and Queen on my return. The draft of this had been already submitted to the Kriegsministerium and approved, and the last act of the camp was to hand it over to me in completed form. It was as well turned out as it would have been from the best firm in this country, and had even a very smart crimson ribbon with which to tie it up in a bow before I handed it over.

Then, at a quarter-past seven, I mounted to what I called my "perch," with all the men spread out before me in the darkness in "Trafalgar Square." Again I felt more inclined to shed tears, even more than at the first, than to speak to them, for they had taken me into their hearts as I had taken them, and I couldn't bear the

thought of leaving them. Mercifully the time was short. My escort and the car were already there underneath; and so, after a few words, I called again for "God Save the King." It was far more moving than in the large Hut, as it rang out on the night air, and again they went from the first verse to the third. Then followed cheers for King, for Queen, for Home, then the avowals that they were not downhearted, then the announcement that their spirit would never be broken whatever happened, and similar professions and protestations; but amongst them never one unworthy sentiment expressed, never one discordant note sounded; but all just as one would have it, with everything to make one's heart beat high with real patriotic pride and thankfulness. Then my last blessing, the old Mizpah of the Bible, "The LORD watch between you, my dear brothers, and all those who are dear to you in home and country while you are absent the one from the other; and may He soon bring you and them together in happiness, love, and peace."

My smiling escort, quite moved by the enthusiasm, apparently very sympathetic to that fervid singing of the National Anthem, were ready, and I was soon driving out in the car. Hundreds of hands were stretched out for the last good-bye, and amid the cheers of the camp I passed through the gates, feeling like a father leaving his sons behind him, and not knowing how or when he might see them again. My escort were wonderfully discerning, and when I said I felt too desolate to speak, they quite understood; and we went on to the chief railway station in Berlin in silence. An official of the Kommandantur was there to meet me, Count von Schwerin, and the young

When WE get Home?



① "Hallo Wifey!"



② Having forgotten both how to dress & behave
We empty our cap before asking for a
second one.



③ "Old Habits stick!"



④ Forgetting our altered circumstances & our native
Tongue, We ask - Haben you heute any
Margarine vielleicht?

(From the Camp Magazine.)

count, and others; and as the train carrying me off with Baron Kleydorff left, and we waved to each other to the last moment, it was difficult, as I had often found it before, to feel that those I was leaving are our country's enemies. I may here say, however, that whenever I spoke of the courtesy or attention I had received from the authorities our men were always silent. Knowing, as I did, all that the poor fellows had experienced in the past—all those terrible days, weeks, and months indeed of real suffering undeserved and unnecessary that they endured—I quite understood. I am setting down here, however, things as they are, and not as they have been; and no good can be done now by recalling them or brooding over them, although those who have suffered can never forget nor be expected to do so.

The journey down was of much the same character as the previous one, only this time there were a few soldiers and a few wounded on the train, and I came through such places as Frankfurt in the light, as I had previously passed in darkness. Again I was conscious of just the same spirit of privation—extraordinarily pathetic it was—about both people and places, and again I had the impression of how seriously Germany is suffering owing to the war. The young baron had forgotten to provide himself with a meat-card, and so we couldn't have any; but the vice-captain of the camp, with the usual thoughtfulness of our men, had handed into my car at the last moment a cardboard box with sandwiches, cheese, biscuits, and cake, sufficient for the two of us. We had the same dining-car and attendants as on the first journey, and they received us most attentively, quite beaming their welcome. On reaching

the frontier I had my one real disappointment, for there a telegram was waiting for me saying that the engrossed address to the King and Queen had to be retained and sent back to the Kriegsministerium. It had never occurred to us, having submitted the draft to them, that we ought to submit the document itself, as we should never have dreamed of putting anything into it except what had been already submitted. This may not have been the reason for the Kriegsministerium wishing to see it. I am rather inclined myself to think it was curiosity, and the desire to see the beautiful work which could be turned out in Ruhleben. At any rate I had reluctantly to hand it over, and hope that the promise made that it should be sent after me immediately would be fulfilled.

I came back as quickly as possible, being fortunate enough to find a boat crossing over from Havre to Southampton just as I wanted it, and arrived in London on the Saturday, quite surprised by the appearance of a great body of reporters, and at finding how the visit that I thought would be a private and ministerial one had attained the publicity which all the newspapers of our country have given it.

I have had many opportunities of speaking of my experiences to all "sorts and conditions of men" and in all sorts of places. I had the honour of being received by the King and Queen, anxious to hear about their subjects' real condition, and I could only say in conclusion to Their Majesties, as I say here and shall continue to say as long as I recall those inspiring days at Ruhleben—"They have made me more thankful than ever that I am an Englishman," and

"I am proud of them."

1-22a - Barracks
 23-25 - Grand-stands
 25 used for Educational Classes

26-Tea-house (Barrack).

A - Athletic Store

B - Barber

B.H. - Baths

B.O. - Box-office

C - Casino

Ca. - Canteen

CC. - Catholic church

Car. - Carpenter

Cl. - Clothes

Cl. - Cinema

E. - Engraver En. - Entrance

E.P.O. - Engl. Parcel office

E.X.L. - Express letters

F. - Greengrocer Fi. - field

G. - Grand stand (not in use).

G.R. - Guard room

G.P.O. - Germ. Parcel
 office.

G.B. - Government stores (bread).

H. - Hospitals

H.W. - Hot water

I.B. - Invalid barrack

K. - Kitchens

L. - Library

L.P. - Lost property office

M. - Milk

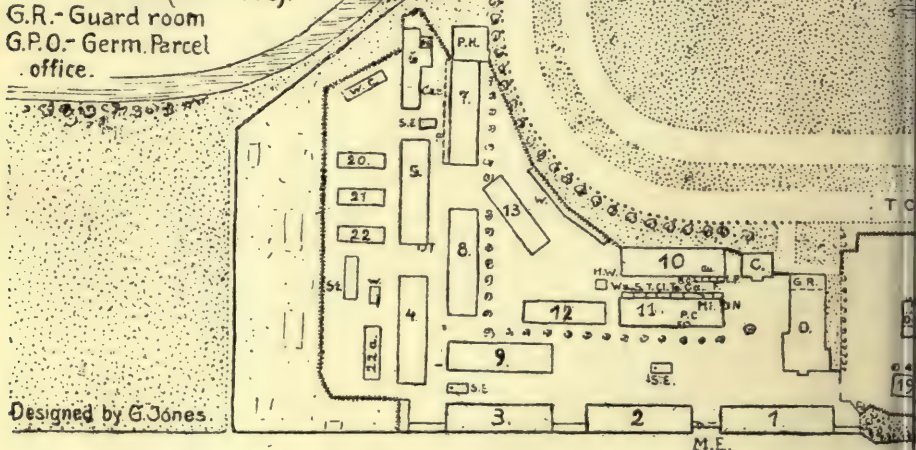
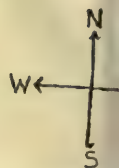
M.E. - Main entrance

Mi. - Mineral water

N. - Newspaper

Ou. - Outfitter

O. - Offices



Sy. - Synagogue
 T - Tailor

Th - Theatre (Concert hall)
 To - Tobacco

Ruhlebe

Barrier Wood

PLAN OF

(From the C)

P.- Practice room (piano)

P.C.- Prisoners cells

P.C.N.- Publishing Offices R.C. News

P.H.- Privat house

P.O.- Printers

R.O.- Relief office

R.S.- River (Spree).

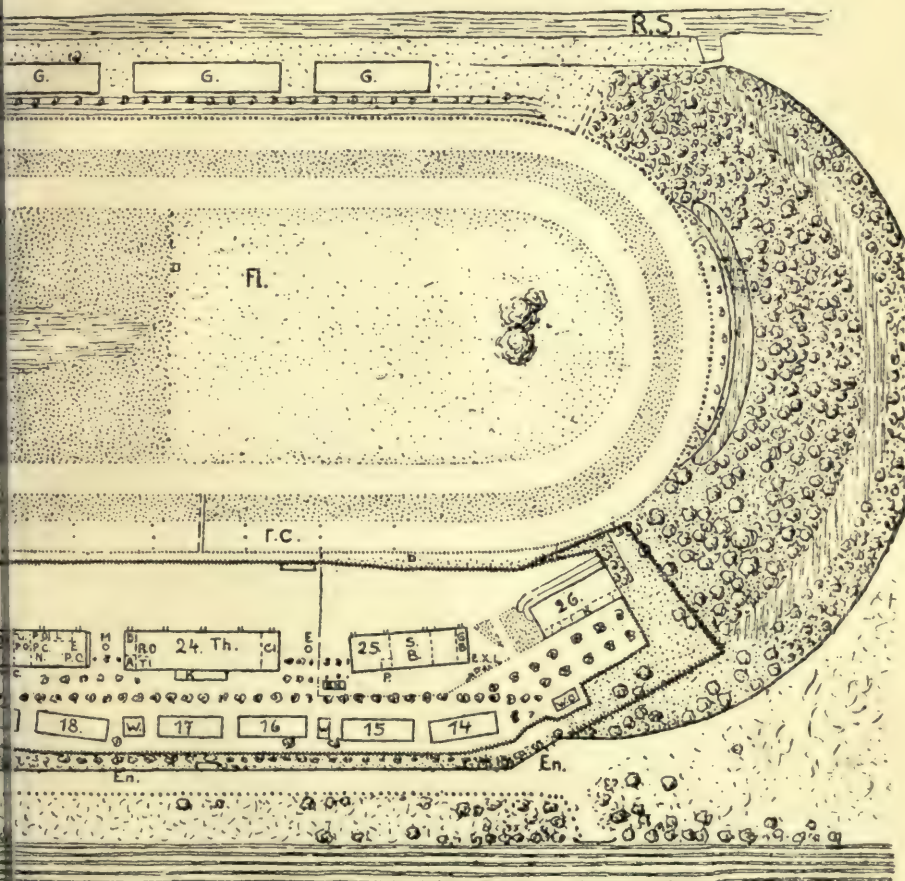
S.- Shoemaker

S.B.- Soldiers barracks

S.E.- Steam (for heating)

S.H.- Summer house

St.- Stable (for horses)



Camp.

T.C.-Tennis courts

Wa.- Watchmaker

W.- Wash houses

W.C.- Public lavatory

fence

High wire fence

THE CAMP.

(Magazine.)

[end



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